December

15¢

PHOTOPLAY

Greer Garson's Search For Happiness

BY LOUELLA O. PARSONS

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MRS C SLOSBERG
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Evening in Paris Eau de Cologne, fragrant Talcum, and Bubbling Bath Essence **$3.35**

Gifts That Whisper Romance

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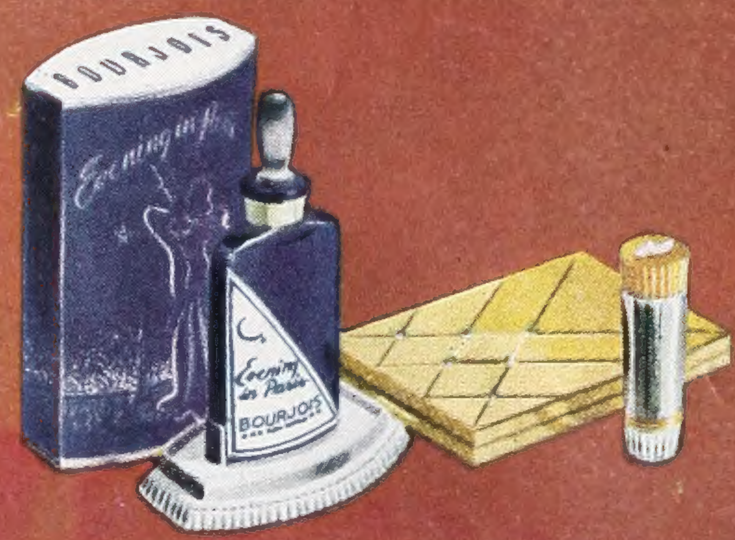
Evening in Paris Perfume, Eau de Cologne, Talcum, Face Powder; Rouge and Lipstick . . . **$5.00**



Evening in Paris Perfume **75c** to **$12.50;** Lipstick **75c;** Single Vanity **$3.00;** Double **$5.00;** Triple **$6.75**

Evening in Paris Eau de Cologne and Talcum in handsome holiday package **$2.25**

Purse flacon of Evening in Paris Perfume, Eau de Cologne. **$1.50**

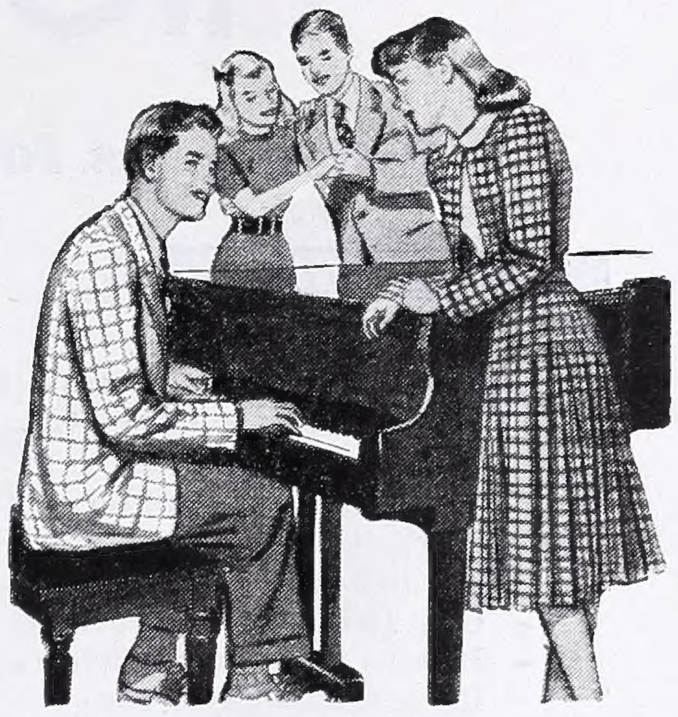
All Prices plus tax

Are you in the know?

Do this if you'd try —

- ☐ *Cartooning*
- ☐ *A different hairdo*
- ☐ *A new parlor game*

Is your face round or square . . . long or oval? Do you really know? Before trying a different hairdo—put tracing paper over your photograph, then outline your face. It tells you your true type, so you can plan your coiffure accordingly! Experts say that's important. Same as it's important (on problem days) to know *your* type of sanitary napkin. That's *easy*, with Kotex. Just try all *3 sizes* of Kotex: you'll find the one that's very personally yours.



Feel neglected at a no-date party?

- ☐ *Crawl into a corner*
- ☐ *Start a conversation*
- ☐ *Choose the nearest exit*

At a strictly stag-and-doe shindig, maybe you haven't snared a partner. So—you're crushed! To banish "wallflower panic" just stroll up to that boogie man at the keyboard . . . start a conversation. It'll be a duet! Self-assurance wouldn't forsake you if you'd learn to meet trying situations confidently. Take trying days, for instance. You'd be poised—feel secure—with Kotex and the *extra* protection of that exclusive *safety center*. Kotex keeps you fluster-proof!

What's the latest "dorm" doings?

- ☐ *Snack smuggling*
- ☐ *Platter spinning*
- ☐ *Briefing-sessions*

Even "dorm" life can be beautiful! Main idea's to be comfortable, though, say campus queens. They're the gals who know that for comfort on *difficult* days there's nothing quite like the softness of Kotex: the napkin made to *stay soft while you wear it*. They're the same, comfort-loving gals who are "briefing" their bathrobes . . . chopping 'em off, for more freedom. Or sporting the dreamy, poetic Study Coat pictured here. Either way, brief's the word!

Who should follow the head waiter?

- ☐ *The girls*
- ☐ *The boys*
- ☐ *One couple*

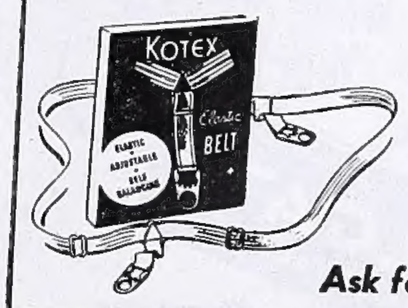
When a head waiter beckons, it's no time to be confuddled. Confidence is such a help . . . like being sure that the *girls* should follow first. The eyes of patrons are upon you! Then's when (at certain times) you bless Kotex for those *flat pressed ends* that reveal no outlines. You're *sure* you're smooth. And at ease, with the comfort of your new Kotex Sanitary Belt that fits snugly; doesn't bind . . . that's adjustable; all-elastic!

3 guesses what girls forget most!

- ☐ *Keep dainty with deodorants*
- ☐ *Practice good posture*
- ☐ *Buy a new sanitary belt*

Of *course* you're careful about daintiness, you say. And you keep posture-perfect, too. But isn't there *one* thing you've overlooked? Namely, to buy a new sanitary belt? Yes, because most girls forget . . . keep putting it off "till next time." To get *all* the comfort your napkin gives, *now's* the time to buy a new, *Kotex* Sanitary Belt!

Fact is—the Kotex Belt is made to lie flat, without twisting or curling. So a *Kotex* Belt fits snugly; comfortably. It's adjustable . . . all-elastic . . . doesn't bind when you bend!



Kotex Sanitary Belt

Ask for it by name

More women choose KOTEX* than all other sanitary napkins

*T. M. REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

FAVORITE OF AMERICA'S "FIRST MILLION" MOVIE-GOERS FOR 36 YEARS

PHOTOPLAY

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Esther Williams' Eye-filling Curves!

Melchior's Marvelous Songs!

M-G-M splashes its musical stars across the screen in a gay and gala entertainment in TECHNICOLOR!

Durante's Delicious Gags!

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XAVIER CUGAT and his orchestra

Terrific Tune Hits!
including:
"Un Poquito de Amor"
"I Love to Dance"
"This Time for Keeps"

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DAME MAY WHITTY • SHARON McMANUS • Screen Play by GLADYS LEHMAN • Story by ERWIN GELSEY AND LORRAINE FIELDING

Directed by RICHARD THORPE • Produced by JOE PASTERNAK • A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURE

What Should I Do?

YOUR PROBLEMS ANSWERED BY CLAUDETTE COLBERT

Claudette Colbert, star of "Sleep, My Love"

DEAR Miss Colbert:

I am nineteen and deeply in love with a fellow of twenty-five. We are planning to be married soon. When I first started to go with him, he told me that he had been married when he was twenty, but had been divorced for almost three years. He talked about his first marriage very frankly with me.

Now he and I think exactly alike. We both enjoy sports, and think that trust and partnership are the best foundations for marriage. We want to build a house, starting with one room on a GI loan. I want to keep my job until we start our family in about five years.

When I finally told my mother that Bill was a divorced man, she said flatly that I could never marry him with her blessing. She said, "There are enough nice single boys in this world without your causing gossip by marrying a divorced man."

I am crazy about Bill and want to marry him. But, I don't want to do anything to make my mother and father unhappy.

Please tell me how to make them see that it isn't Bill's past that counts, it is his future—with me.

Penny B.

In your case, I would say that you are still young enough to allow your love for Bill to be tested by time. Why not wait another year before setting your wedding date? The wise girl prolongs her courtship days until she is quite certain that her respect and love are great enough to last a lifetime.

Something about your letter impels me to the belief that your mother is using Bill's previous marriage as an excuse to cover some other objection. Why don't you ask Bill to have a talk with your parents. If he will outline his previous marriage and divorce to them as sensibly as he has to you, I think he will be able to persuade them that he has profited from a bitter experience and that he is now a better human being and will become a better husband as a result.

Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:

I am a bride of ten months. I met my husband in 1942. We were living in the same apartment building and were introduced by the manager. With me it was love at first sight. After I caught on to his routine I would "happen" to be around when he came home. I would "happen" to be cooking dinner and would invite him to come in to share it. Sometimes he would tap at my door when he came in around ten o'clock in the evening and we would have a glass of milk together.

From the time I met him until he was called into the Army in 1943, we had only one formal date.

When he went into the Army I didn't see him for two years. Although I wrote regularly, he would write only once in three or four months. Yet, when he was given a furlough, he came straight to see me, said he had missed me and our evenings together and asked me to wait for him. We were married in late 1946.

I quit my job two weeks before we were married and he has been after me ever since to go back to work. He says that two people can never get on in the world unless both buckle down and stay busy. He is continuing his studies at night and works during the day, so we really don't have much married life. He is nice and courteous to me, but somehow I don't feel that he adores me. We are more like good friends occupying the same apartment.

Do you think I should go back to work? Can you think of some way to make my husband fall in love with me—*really* in love?

Anapola I.

You realize in your own heart, of course, that you pursued this man. That seldom pays.

A man likes to do his own hunting. There are subtle ways in which a girl can encourage a man, but inviting him to her apartment repeatedly is too plain a following of the old adage about the way to a man's heart.

I have a feeling that your husband has never really noticed you as a woman. He probably thinks of you as a contemporary combination mother-sister who provides him with the comforts of home.

Definitely, you should go back to work. You should also enroll for some sort of evening class so that you will be as busy as your husband. Match his moods (unless he is irritable), try to live so deeply within yourself and your own thoughts that you become somewhat mysterious.

Buy a few becoming new clothes and wear them without calling his attention to them. Make yourself more interesting and more independent, and I believe that—since your marriage is so new—you may be able to duplicate the old novel title, "He Fell in Love with His Wife."

Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:

I am a man of seventeen with a serious problem. While I was visiting my aunt in Chicago this summer, I met a wonderful girl who was visiting the people next door.

We spent the summer together, and had a swell time. She is a wonderful girl of sixteen and she is solid. She has always lived in California.

She is back in school out west now, and we have been corresponding.

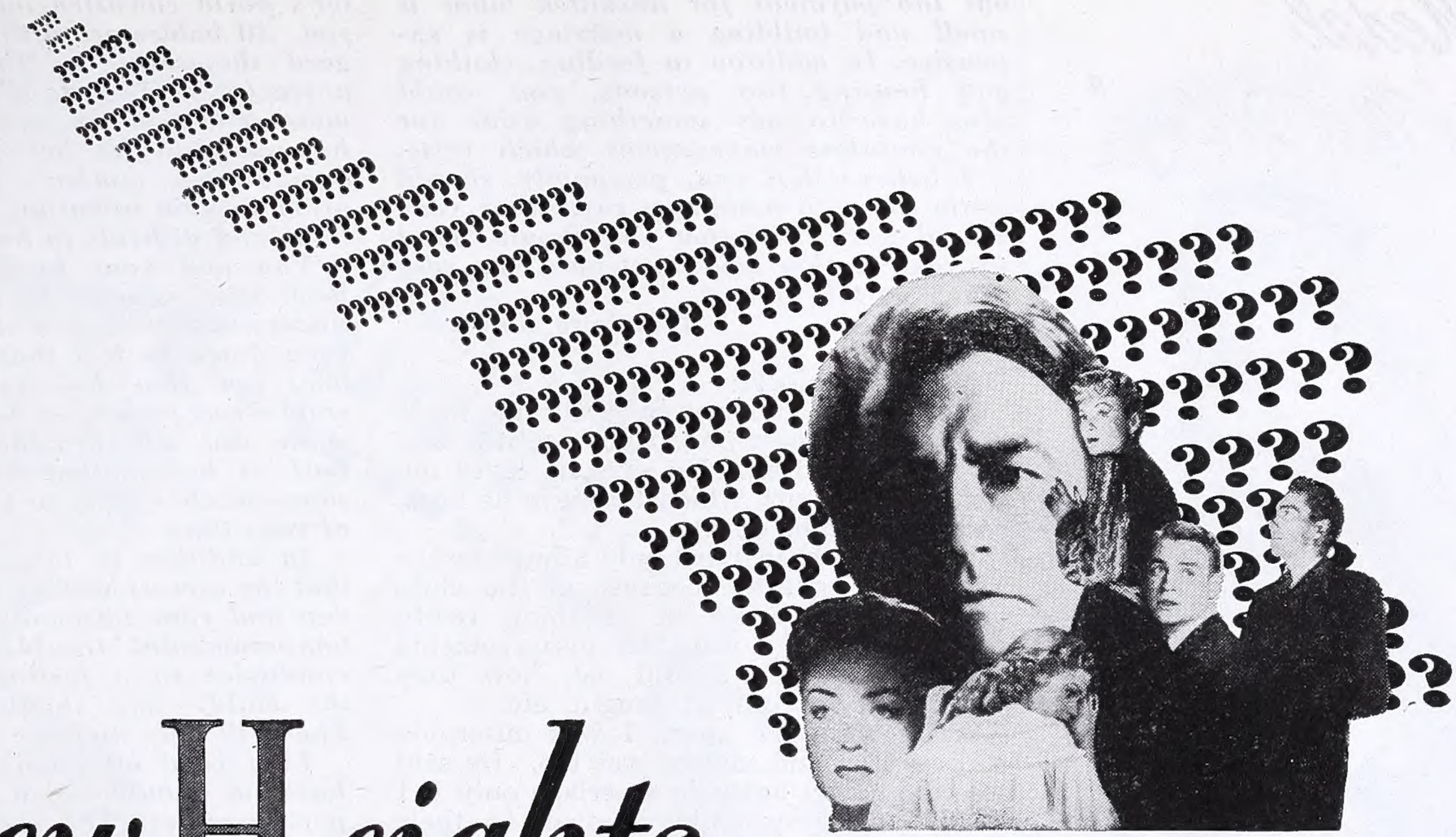
Since I am at home, I am not satisfied with anything. I am also back at school, but I am not getting good grades. All the girls seem like squares and at home things are really rough. My father drinks and he doesn't get along with my mother and me.

I have half a notion to quit school, run away to California and get married. I don't know what to do, but I don't want to continue going to school and living in this mad house.

Harry L.

Being seventeen is a difficult responsibility. You are no longer a child, nor are you yet an adult. I receive many letters from girls of seventeen who ponder the relative merits of continuing with their education or getting married. However, you are the first boy to place the question.

That query leads me to believe that you have no very clear idea of the seriousness of marriage—particularly from a man's standpoint. How would you support a wife? For a time you might be able ***(Continued on page 6)***



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and introducing MICHAEL NORTH · Directed by MICHAEL CURTIZ · Produced by CHARLES HOFFMAN

Screen Play by Ranald MacDougall • Adaptation by Bess Meredyth • From a Story by Charlotte Armstrong • Music by Franz Waxman

A Medal for "Mr. DeLong"

We're heroes to the countless women who use DeLong Bob Pins . . . They fasten a medal on us every time they step up to the counter and ask for DeLong, *the Bob Pin with the Stronger Grip* . . . We're grateful, too. That's why we spare no effort to turn out a better Bob Pin, one made of stronger steel that keeps its snap and shape longer and stays in your hair dutifully.

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Quality Manufacturers for Over 50 Years

BOB PINS HAIR PINS SAFETY PINS
HOOKS & EYES HOOK & EYE TAPES
SNAPS PINS SANITARY BELTS

(Continued from page 4) ***to get a job but the payment for unskilled labor is small and building a marriage is expensive. In addition to feeding, clothing and housing two persons, you would also have to put something aside for the countless emergencies which arise.***

I believe that you, personally, should settle down to making a success of your school work, and that you should stand by your mother who must need you very much at this time.

Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:

I have two children by a former marriage. My present husband doesn't care for these children. He says he loves me with all his heart, which I believe he does, and I love him deeply.

We had been married only a few months when we separated because of the children. Not because of anything really wrong that they did, but disagreements about what they should eat, how they were to be disciplined, taught, etc.

When we were apart, I was miserable and my husband said he was too. He said we could start again in marriage only if I would turn my children over to their daddy's mother to be reared. (She wanted them.) Now that we're back together again, I miss my children terribly. I'm just so mixed up I don't know which way to turn. Is it wrong for a woman to give up her children for the man she loves?

(Mrs.) Leonard T.

You have answered your own question: You don't feel right in your heart about having given your children to their grandmother to bring up, and you know that I can't reassure you. However, I do think there is help to be had in this situation. Your husband probably loves you very much, and instinctively resents the children because he fears that your love for them diminishes your love for him.

This is a primitive attitude. A woman loves her children one way, her parents in another, and her mate in yet a different way, and every thinking person must—for his own peace of mind—recognize those facts.

I think that, if some wise person (a social worker, a clergyman, a teacher) could talk to your husband, explaining some of the simple facts of psychology, he could be persuaded to be happy with you and your children.

If your husband could be made to see that, by including the children in your home, he was not losing a part of your love, but actually was gaining theirs, I think his behavior would change and the four of you could have a well-balanced family life. At least it is worth trying.

Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:

My husband and I have been married four years and have two children.

I married at eighteen, my husband was twenty-one and in the service.

Our first daughter was born while my husband was away and he, for that reason, did not supervise her early training, or even get to know her until she was two years old. Lee Anne is a sensitive, nervous child who needs a lot of care and loving, yet he does not understand, nor try to understand her.

My husband and I have similar temperaments, and we argue over nothing at all. For one thing we are continually on edge because of Lee Anne. She cries so very much. We've tried every method of correction—even spanking which was advised by others—but nothing seems to turn her into a good, sunny child.

Can you find any solution for me?

Adele T. H.

For two wonderful years your daughter's world consisted only of herself and you. All babies are little royalists who regard themselves as the center of the universe. In Lee Anne's case, a strange man—and he was strange even if he happened to be her father—began to demand her mother's attention. So, in order to gain attention, she became fractious and difficult to handle.

You and your husband should have been wise enough to anticipate and to understand this. Lee Anne should have been made to feel that her daddy loved her, not that he—quite like another child—was jealous of her. And, while Lee Anne was still bewildered about losing half of her mother to a father, along came another baby to take up even more of your time.

In addition to this, I would imagine that the atmosphere of your home—since you and your husband have been having temperamental troubles—has not been conducive to a feeling of security for the child. She shouldn't be spanked. That will only increase your trouble.

If it is at all possible, you and your husband should see a child welfare expert together. The sooner you do this, the better, because you have the beginning of a serious maladjustment in your home.

Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:

Well, here we are, two Marines stationed in China, who have gotten ourselves in one heck of a snafu.

We have a buddy named Al who is a nice kid, but shy. At a dance one night he saw this Russian girl and really fell for her, but he didn't do anything except make barrack eyes at her.

We thought that was wonderful, so we wrote him a letter, signing this girl's name and saying that she had noticed him and would like to be his pen pal. He answered it right away. This correspondence went on for about two months, when we decided that we had better fix it up with this girl, just to add to the fun.

She agreed to pretend that she had written the letters. We thought it was a howl until Al came to us the other night, saying that he had asked this girl to marry him and she had agreed. I went to see the girl to tell her to lay off, but she said that she had always wanted to go to the States and here is her chance eventually.

What shall we do now?

(Sgt.) Denny T.

(Continued on page 8)

Have you a problem which seems to have no solution? Would you like the thoughtful advice of

Claudette Colbert?

If you would, write to her in care of Photoplay, 321 S. Beverly Drive, Beverly Hills, California, and if Miss Colbert feels that your problem is of general interest, she'll consider answering it here. Names and addresses will be held confidential for your protection.

Sister, it can "BLITZ" you!
Start now with LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC

THOSE distressing flakes and scales can put you in plenty wrong socially, and can raise hob with the health of your scalp and the looks of your hair.

If you have the slightest symptom, better start now with Listerine Antiseptic and massage. It's easy. It's delightful. *And it treats the infection as infection should be treated . . . with quick germ-killing action.*

Kills "Bottle Bacillus"

Listerine Antiseptic kills millions of the "bottle bacillus" (Pityrosporum ovale) which many dermatologists say is a causative agent of the trouble.

Almost at once flakes and scales begin to disappear. Your scalp feels healthier and your hair looks healthier.

Listerine Antiseptic is the same antiseptic that has been famous for more than 60 years in the field of oral hygiene.

In a series of tests, 76% of dandruff sufferers showed complete disappearance of, or marked improvement in, the symptoms of dandruff after 4 weeks of twice-a-day Listerine Antiseptic treatment.

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As a precaution . . . As a treatment . . . LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC AND MASSAGE

CATCHING COLD?

TRY THE Alka-Seltzer

A B C

COLD COMFORT TREATMENT

Alka-Seltzer. To relieve that headache-y, feverish, ache-all-over feeling, start taking Alka-Seltzer—as directed on the package.

Be careful. Dress warmly; avoid drafts and exposure; get plenty of sleep and eat wisely.

Comfort the raw, raspy throat which so often accompanies a cold by gargling with Alka-Seltzer. You'll like the relief it brings.

30c and 60c—at all drug stores, U. S. and Canada.

Alka-Seltzer

(Continued from page 6)

I would like to go on record as viewing all practical jokes, when there is danger of someone being hurt emotionally or physically, as shocking examples of human cruelty.

It will be useless for you to tell your friend the truth now. He won't believe you if his lady love insists that she wrote the letters and you are only trying to discredit her.

Luckily you have time on your side. The thing to do, if this girl is as undesirable a wife as you seem to think, is to diminish her charm in your friend's eyes by subtle means. You might ask him how his mother would like the girl, how she would fit into his home town, what sort of a cook and housewife she would be, whether he can imagine her taking care of children properly.

It is to be hoped that the infatuation wears off. In any case, this should teach you not to mislead gullible and lonely Marines in foreign outposts.

Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:

I'm twenty-two years old, and work in a dress shop. In the morning I rush around to get ready, tear down to work, wait on cranky women all day, drag home at night, have dinner without much appetite, then go to my room and listen to the radio. Once in awhile I see a movie, but that is my only entertainment.

I used to go dancing with a group of girl friends, but now they are nearly all engaged or married, and those who are still free live a long way from me. Because I don't enjoy being a wallflower I swore I'd never go dancing again.

The same thing goes for parties. I feel silly playing any sort of a game, so rather than be a bad sport or a drip, I stay away from parties. I have had some good times, but whenever I had a date it was because some friend of mine got the date for me.

Miss Colbert, please tell me how I can make my life a little interesting.

I'm miserable, and I'm making my family miserable. Everything annoys me.

(Miss) F. S.

The first thing for you to do is to go to a good medical doctor and have a basal metabolism test made.

You should have a physical check-up because it isn't normal for a girl of twenty-two to be as world-weary as your letter indicates. If the doctor finds no physical problem to be corrected, you should take an inventory of your mental attitudes. Life can be a bore for anyone too glum or lazy to exert herself. We are living in one of the most dramatic eras of all time. What are you, personally, doing about the challenge of the future? Nothing. You are moping and feeling sorry for yourself.

You live in a large city, where willing hands are always needed. Why don't you go to night school and take up some special course? Why don't you volunteer to work at the railway station for Traveler's Aid once a week? Why don't you serve as a baby sitter one night a week so that some weary young mother can get some recreation?

In short, the secret of building a busy, happy life is to be of service to the community in which you live. Get busy, contribute, and you will have so many friends that you won't know how to keep up with all of them.

Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:

I clipped the enclosed advertisement from a magazine which I was reading recently. As you will see, the ad says that a person can learn to become a motion picture actress by studying their booklet at home.

Since you are right there in Hollywood I thought that you might know something about this company.

Jane M.

Dear Miss Colbert:

Some time ago I received a letter from a screen guild telling me that they were conducting a talent search for new faces for motion pictures, radio, stage, etc.

I sent them my photograph with the other material requested, and two weeks later I received a second letter, which said I had been accepted for membership. The membership fee is $10.00 payable in advance.

Will you please tell me exactly how reliable this guild is. Would I really have a chance, or would I be wasting my hard-earned ten dollars?

Doris B.

Dear Miss Colbert:

Recently I answered an advertisement in a newspaper, and soon received a letter from a man who calls himself "Chief Registrar of Studio Employment." He is supposed to be connected with a studio registration bureau.

His letter says, "Our fee is $2.00 for registration and photo processing, plus 50c a month, or $5.00 per year for keeping your file on the active list."

Would I be getting some value out of spending $7.50 to be placed in these files?

Mary J.

If everyone, before paying out cash for dubious investments, would consult someone in a position to know what is an honest offer and what is dubious, a great deal of money would be saved and—more important—a great deal of unhappiness and disappointment could be avoided.

I telephoned the Hollywood Chamber of Commerce (to which all reputable firms belong) and was assured that the companies and individuals referred to in your letters were entire strangers to their bureau.

Next I checked the Los Angeles Better Business Bureau, and received the same answer. In short, none of these people are operating legitimate business enterprises.

First of all, if a person really could be taught to act by mail, why would studios waste time and money training people in Hollywood? Next, registration bureaus undoubtedly do put your picture on file, but I am convinced that no studio official takes those files very seriously.

Please don't be taken in by these schemes. Check through your local Chamber of Commerce, or write directly to the Hollywood Chamber of Commerce, Hollywood, California, or to the Better Business Bureau, 725 South Hill Street, Los Angeles 14, California, before you invest in any Hollywood training course or registration bureau.

Claudette Colbert

THERE'S SOMETHING TO BE SAID

About Irene Dunne by Elsa Maxwell

In the January issue of Photoplay

She thought that moonlight swim was a dream...

until he showed up for breakfast!

COLUMBIA PICTURES presents

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with PERCY WARAM · SPRING BYINGTON · RON RANDELL

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Directed by DON HARTMAN and RUDOLPH MATÉ · A DON HARTMAN PRODUCTION

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Edmund Gwenn and Natalie Wood in "Miracle on 34th Street"

Can't help loving Teddy Gwenn, that genial . . .

Understudy for Santa

ON a mild September day in 1877 in the city of London, England, Santa Claus was born. At the time no one who saw little Edmund Gwenn dreamed that he would turn out to be *Kris Kringle.* For who could have guessed that seventy years later a new-fangled entertainment known as motion pictures would produce a story called "The Miracle on 34th Street" in which Teddy, a seasoned actor by this time, would play Santa?

The Gwenn trek toward that goal began when Edmund was seventeen. In a stormy session with his father, who expected his son to follow in his British Civil Service career, Edmund made it clear he preferred the stage. Whereupon, disowned, he set out on his own. For ten years he struggled. Then George Bernard Shaw, who had admired him in an obscure one-act play in London, offered him the role of a chauffeur in his play, "Man and Superman." Roles in five more Shaw plays followed, and suddenly he was a celebrity and a mighty fine actor to boot.

During World War I, in which he ranked as a Captain, he returned to London where he aided a young juvenile called Ronald Colman in his first play. British movies, twenty-one in all, came next. And when he returned to the theater in "Laburnum Grove" Hollywood grabbed him right off the stage for a role in "The Bishop Misbehaves." Since then, except for a return trip to his native England for "A Yank at Oxford," his professional efforts have been concerned with Hollywood movies and the Broadway stage.

To all Hollywood Teddy Gwenn is a beloved and respected figure. His life begins and ends with his work and, since he has no family ties, his heart belongs, rightly, to acting.

When the role of *Kris Kringle* was offered to Teddy, he went first to his M-G-M bosses for permission. They had nothing on immediate schedule for him so after "Green Dolphin Street" he went over to Twentieth Century-Fox to make picture history in "The Miracle on 34th Street."

During the shooting of "Green Dolphin Street" Teddy had not been feeling well but, like the good trouper he is, insisted on going straight into "The Miracle . . ." rather than hold up production. He held on until the picture was finished, then went into the hospital where experimental injections were administered every three hours. It was during this time that the studio discovered a few additional lines were needed from Santa. They rigged up the sound equipment outside Teddy's window and between injections he spoke the additional lines.

"Thunder in the Valley" was next on his schedule. It went into production before he had his operation. However, he thrived so in the rugged atmosphere that the nurse assigned to go on location with him returned to Hollywood.

And when this picture was completed, alone with his chauffeur, he drove to Ann Arbor for an operation that soon had him spryly flitting about the M-G-M studios in his role of the Scottish doctor in "Hills of Home."

For eleven years Teddy made his home at the Beverly Wilshire Hotel, but when he returned from the run of a New York stage play to find himself homeless, he and a friend moved into a house in Beverly Hills.

Kindness and good humor, gentleness, a deep sincerity—these are the attributes that make Teddy Gwenn beloved in Hollywood. Like Santa Claus he carries the spirit of Christmas in his heart all year 'round.

Now! Keep your hands as kissable as your lips . . .

with this new, new...New kind of hand care

Woodbury *Beauty-Blended* Lotion

ACTUALLY 2-LOTIONS-IN-1

1. A softening lotion! Quickly helps bring your hands adorable new softness. Woodbury Lotion is beauty-blended with luxury *lanolin* and other costlier-than-usual skin-smoothing ingredients.

2. A protective lotion, too. This same Woodbury *beauty*-blend contains *protective* ingredients to help "glove" your hands against roughening, reddening wind and cold, the drying effect of soap and water.

PROTECTS AS IT SOFTENS . . .
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No wonder more women are *changing* to Woodbury Lotion, every day, than to any other kind of hand care. So really and *wonderfully* different. Beauty-blended to protect as it softens. Peaches-and-cream rich. Feels luscious on your skin. Never sticky or greasy. At drug and cosmetic counters, 10c, 25c & 50c, plus tax.

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MADE BY THE MAKERS OF FAMOUS WOODBURY FACIAL SOAP AND OTHER AIDS TO LOVELINESS

INSIDE STUFF

Important social event: Lana Turner's party for Tyrone Power

All the girls received orchids! Clark Gable brought favorite date Dolly O'Brien

Photographs by

Aloha to Ty: The invitation, signed jointly by Lana and Tyrone, requested Cal's presence at a farewell-to-his-friends party in the beautiful Champagne Room of Mocambo, and never to Hollywood's knowledge has there been such a beautiful and lavish affair. Tons of miniature orchids, flown in from Honolulu, clung to the mirrored walls, hung from crystal chandeliers and draped each table and lady guest. Lights from Hollywood below twinkled and glowed through the windowed wall while violins, twelve of them, thrilled the stars who filled the room.

Bob Hope with his pretty wife came over to tell us how much he enjoyed South America. "It was the kids' trip," he laughed. "They were the stars wherever we went." Clark Gable, with the charming and lovely Dolly O'Brien Dorelis, told Cal how nice it was to be working with Lana in "Homecoming." And as always, Cal had many a laugh with the witty Clifton Webb.

Van Johnson, who got in at two that morning from a personal appearance tour, was pleased with the results, he told us. All doubts of his popularity seemed dispelled. Evie, looking well, was with him.

Darryl and Virginia Zanuck, the Gary Coopers, the Louis Jourdans and the Reggie Gardiners were among the last to say farewell and to thank Lana, looking a dream, and Tyrone for the best party to date.

Director Otto Preminger and Sara Hamilton, Photoplay writer. The guests were serenaded by twelve wandering violinists

Comings and Goings: Marlene Dietrich is headed back to Hollywood and movies . . . Annabella on her way from France to the States to secure that long-expected divorce from Tyrone Power . . . Lana Turner finishing up

Cal York's Gossip of Hollywood

Cesar Romero and Mrs. Jack Benny reflect evening's gaiety

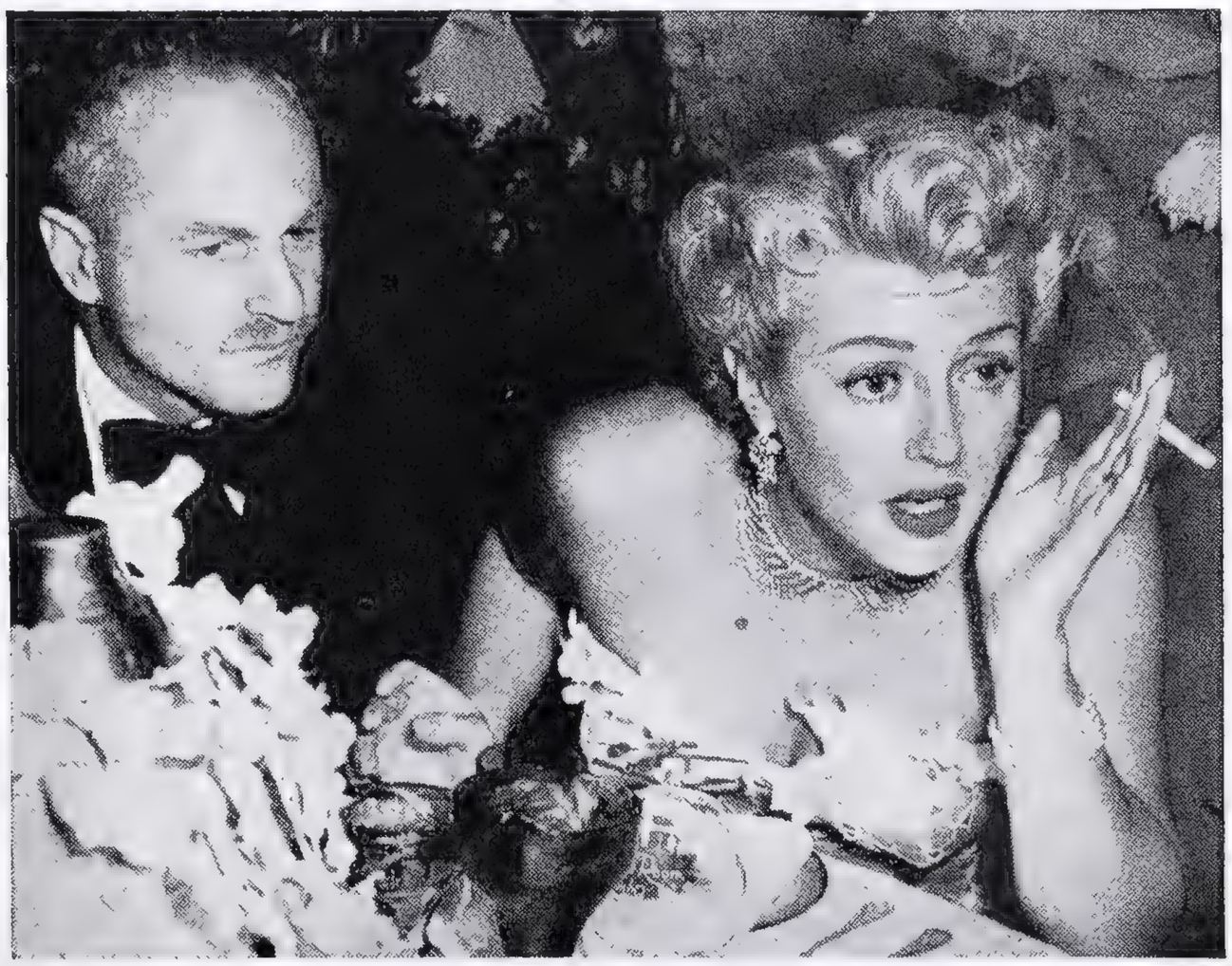
Van Johnson chats with still-glamorous Carmel Myers, former screen siren

Fink and Smith

"Homecoming" so she can join Tyrone Power on his return flight and go back to Hollywood with him in his private plane . . . Guy Madison and Gail Russell are together again after a minor spat . . . Judy Garland, dispelling all those illness rumors, reported back to the studio and is hard at work recording her songs and rehearsing her dance numbers for "Easter Parade." Talk still is, however, that Betty Garrett (Mrs. Larry Parks) will have the Garland role in "Annie Get Your Gun" as soon as she finishes "Big City" . . . Betty Hutton is not building a nursery addition onto her rambling low bungalow home for the new baby. Betty is going to fulfill a childhood yearning for a two-story colonial house. She always felt it was so elegant to have the children "go upstairs"—more homelike too . . . Don't believe the rumors that Marie McDonald will retire from the screen. Now that she's become Mrs. Harry Karl, she will divide her time between home and screen . . . Billy DeWolfe is getting more fan mail than any other male on the Paramount lot. Most of the fans ask him to create a *Mr. Murgatroyd* and now that he is back from his personal appearances with "Variety Girl" he's hard at work. The routine will be built around a *Milquetoast* character who drives *Mrs. Murgatroyd* to drink.

It's the Little Things: Ronald Reagan admits to a quick, hot, door-slamming temper that wears off in less than a day . . . Lynn Bari possesses one of the best figures in Hollywood, but never wears too revealing clothes. She bakes cakes, too . . . Dan Dailey, who is one of the best horsemen in town and owns seven riding horses,

Darryl Zanuck and Lana Turner. An ice replica of Ty Power's plane decorated center of Champagne Room at Mocambo



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INSIDE STUFF

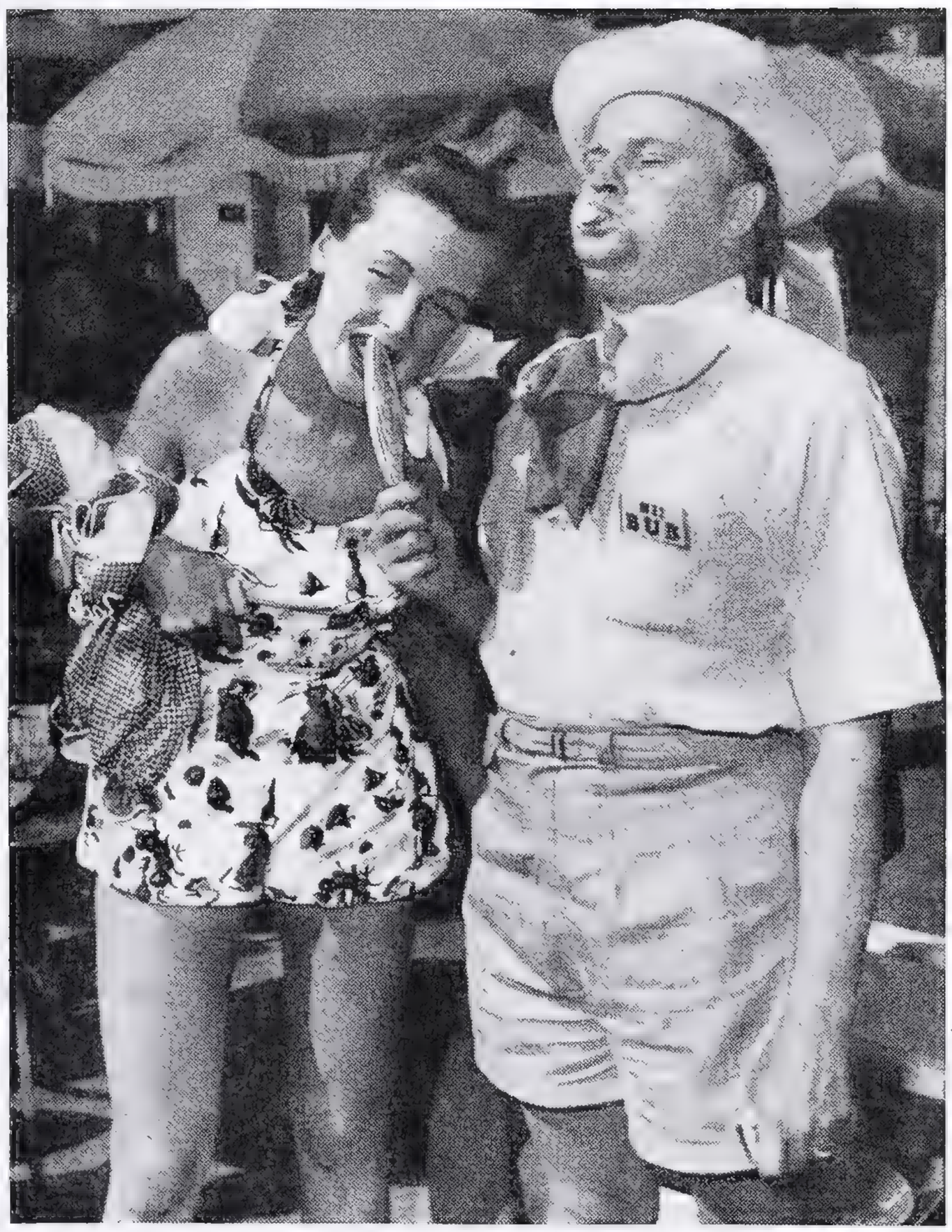
Sinatra captained one of teams at Damon Runyon Cancer Fund softball game. Bat girls Virginia Mayo and Jane Russell made a hit with the fans!

Joe E. Brown and Keenan Wynn collapse while Ed Wynn jeers—Father can take it! Ball game turned into wrestling match, to fans' delight. Below, Danny Kaye and John Garfield wait turn

seldom talks about it. He doesn't like gushy praise either . . . Gary Cooper has a shy little half smile off screen as well as on. And talks very little . . . Bette Davis is superstitious about rain and believes all good things happen to her during a downpour . . . Bob Taylor likes to get out of Hollywood between pictures and fish and hunt. He doesn't give a fig about parties . . . Glenn Ford has a slow drawl in his off-screen conversation and usually says "Gee whiz" at the end of a sentence . . . Deanna Durbin has had a will of iron since childhood, which lends her considerable force and provides some unhappy moments, too.

About People: Peggy Ryan back in Hollywood after personal appearances in London . . . Donald O'Connor, her former partner, telling friends at Ciro's his tuxedo is strictly pre-war and darned if he isn't as cute as ever . . . Hollywood wonders how Europe will accept good old rough and ready Wally Beery? Wally will entertain U. S. occupation troops between sight-seeing jaunts . . . Farley Granger, one of the most personable young lads in town, is beauing Ann Blyth, who plays middle-aged Charles Boyer's wife in "Mortal Coils" of all things . . . Barbara Stanwyck likes to eat dinner at the drugstore counter at Schwab's new Beverly Hills pharmacy . . . Dorothy McGuire, bless her, gets herself up like a scarecrow in "Wizard of Oz" and seems to enjoy it . . . Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's brand-new leading man, Cameron Mitchell, has signed to pitch for the Las Vegas baseball team between his "pitcher" chores in Hollywood.

Martha Hyers, a cute kid, gets admiring attention from Marshall Thompson at the Ralph Edwards kiddie party



Edgar Bergen is practising for the bubble gum championship! Mrs. B., however, prefers his lollipop

Set of the Month: Unbelievable is the only word that can describe the get-up and the characterization of Edgar Bergen as a mortician of the pre-gay nineties. On the "I Remember Mama" set, we were fascinated with Edgar's performance as he sat on a park bench talking to his wife, played so well by Ellen Croby. There was no Charlie McCarthy to steal scenes or distract attention.

Producer Harriet Parsons came over to chuckle with us as the scene unfolded in the lovely park, built in a corner of the stage. A group of picknickers and children, all in costume, nonchalantly played about while the dialogue went on. Philip Dorn, who plays Irene Dunne's husband, stood by, also amused.

Director George Stevens discussed scenes between each take and if what we saw is a sample, everyone will remember *Mama* for a long, long time.

Writer Goes Actor: Tom D'Andrea, as a writer at Warners, wrote some very funny dialogue for the film "Pride of the Marines" and then, as you remember, delivered the lines himself. Thus Tom, who plays straight to Errol Flynn in "Silver River," advanced from radio writing to presenting service shows he organized and wrote himself as an Air Force Sergeant, and on to studio writing and finally acting. See how it's done?

His first screen appearance was in "This Is the Army." From there he went into "Night and Day," "Never Say Goodbye," "Two Guys from Milwaukee," "Humoresque" and "Dark Passage."

Tom, in his thirties, is a handsome guy, with just a few silver hairs over the temple, wears good looking suits, is unmarried, is now more actor than

Janet Leigh coaxes hubby Stanley Reams to join the group for a swim in the pool

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can't smear!
won't rub off!

Lovely
Barbara Whitmore
National winner of Columbia Pictures talent search contest.

Instantly . . .
make YOUR lips more thrilling!

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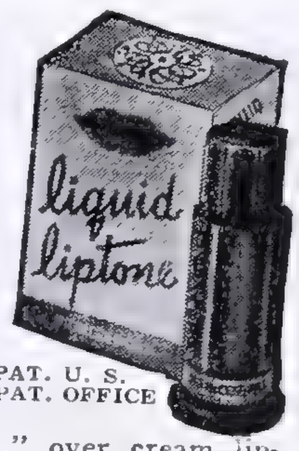

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Check shades wanted:
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INSIDE STUFF

Hollywood stars auctioned rabbits, hams, etc., at Damon Runyon Cancer Fund benefit at Ciro's. Looks as if the dog and hostess Ann Sheridan will have to be sold together

Ricardo Montalban, dashing star of "Fiesta," in Champagne Room of Mocambo with his wife Georgianna, who is Loretta Young's sister

writer, loves his relatives who still live in Chicago and is rapidly becoming one of the best slow-tempo actors.

Goodbye Party: When it comes to parties where invitations are really coveted, none beats the wonderfully informal gatherings given by Walter Lang and his adored wife "Fieldsy." So with a happy heart, Cal set out for the farewell given to Cesar Romero about to take off for Maine with the "Spoonhandle" company.

In the play room were two bass drums, two tenor drums, cymbals, a piano and a bass fiddle, with only the guests to play them. With Hoagy Carmichael at the piano and Fred MacMurray aiding with his own saxophone, the rest was all in fun and strictly from no music at all. Ann Sothern played the drums for hours with Bob Sterling beating a tortured bass fiddle. Despite any misbeats (when John Hodiak attempted the bass fiddle misbeats flew in every direction) a line-up of tap dancers including Lana Turner, Cesar, Zach Scott and Bob Sterling brought down the roof.

Cute little Mona Freeman, who was expecting an heir then, talked most of the evening with Bill Powell. When unsuspecting Bill gathered up masses of white down on his blue suit, from the Lang cushions, it took an hour to pluck him clean. Pat Nerney, Mona's husband, hovered near the home-grown orchestra while Ann Sheridan and Zach Scott reminisced over "The Unfaithful."

Celeste Holm told us all about her Yogi exercises and psychology courses. Louella Parsons made the toast of the evening, while Virginia Bruce looked lonesome with her husband Ali Apar over in Turkey.

Director Walter Lang and his wife "Fieldsy" are two of the best-loved people in Hollywood. Mrs. Lang, who was Carole Lombard's closet friend, possesses a flair for comic pantomime that simply kills the many friends (Clark Gable included) who constantly seek out their home as the friendliest place to be.

The Kayes "Okay"? By the time this reaches print, it is an even-money bet that the Danny Kayes will be back together. The seventh year of any marriage is traditionally the hardest. In Hollywood the belief is that, had they not been famous, the Kayes would have taken a short vacation from marriage and the dangerous seventh year would have passed without damage. Because their private lives made headlines, the split is wider. Sylvia has a Warner contract to work on all Danny's pictures, and the bets are that they will have settled all their differences before the new contract starts.

Even after Danny moved into the Sunset Towers in September, they continued to see each other almost daily. Separation seems to be teaching these two intense, hard-working people that they're more dependent on each other than they had realized. Sylvia is maternal, protective and gen- (*Continued on page* 19)

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Eau de Toilette,
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$7.50; 4.50; 1.25

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The only tested AROMA-TIGHT Cedar Chest in the world, with Lane's exclusive Patented Features. Backed by a free moth insurance policy written by one of the world's largest companies. The Lane Company, Inc., Dept. K, Altavista, Va. In Canada, Knechtel's, Ltd., Hanover, Ont.

Ideal gift for sweetheart, sister, mother or daughter. Lane Chests are designed in many exquisite styles and woods.

No. 2180—Front panel of matched American Walnut stump; borders of exotic African Zebra Wood. Balance of case is American Walnut. Has Lane's patented automatic tray. $49.95*

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LANE Cedar Chests

"A Million Maidens Yearn for This Romantic Love-Gift"

Tableau romantique: **Linda Darnell with husband Pev Marley in Mocambo *tete-a-tete***

"But I haven't got my driver's license!" Judy tells daddy Brian Donlevy at kiddie party given by Bob Hutton and Cleatus Caldwell

INSIDE STUFF

(*Continued from page* 16) erous. Her talent for giddy writing found its complement in Danny's zany delivery. Danny is sensitive, high-strung, shy. He gives more affection than most and needs more than most. As their talents complement each other, so do their characters.

One of the things that has given Danny the most hurt is the implication of ingratitude to his wife and Samuel Goldwyn. He always has made it a point, in public and in private, of the importance of Sylvia's contribution to his career, and continuing evidence of his gratitude and regard for it is the separate contract he was instrumental in negotiating for her at Warner Brothers. It is equally unfair to accuse him of ingratitude to Goldwyn who brought him to the screen. It should be remembered that Danny was making $12,500 a week on the stage in a personal appearance at the Roxy when both Goldwyn and Warners offered him movie contracts. He chose to sign with Goldwyn because he felt that it was wiser at the beginning of his career to have the personal attention of that great producer who concentrates his time and that of his whole studio on one production at a time. Many stars change studios without accusation of ingratitude. There is no reason for Danny to be criticized because he has signed a contract that gives him wider choice of story, director and cast.

He Does It Again: "They want me for 'The Hucksters,'" Sydney Greenstreet told Cal several months ago. "What do you think?" What we thought consumed the rest of the evening, for if ever there was a perfect bit of casting, Sydney in the role of the soap tycoon was it. When we met again after his first day of shooting he was a little uneasy at having accepted the part.

The results you've seen. His force and personality explode all over the screen. Into that role went the same painstaking work and study Sydney gives to every character.

His training began with the Ben Greet Shakespearean Repertory Company with whom he toured England and the United States. Then came musical comedies with Mitzi Hajos and years with Lunt and Fontanne. With his only son John he lives a quiet but full life. Best of all he loves having in friends for dinner where talk is lively and gay and the board groans with good food.

Sydney is a simple person. Shopping at Farmer's Market for his own supplies, chatting to customers at Schwab's Drugstore or playing cards with a few friends, he's never the "great star." His mind and heart are ever open to his fellow man.

Important Newcomers: Watch for them —be in the know. This month the new

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"LOVE from a STRANGER"
WITH
JOHN HOWARD
ISOBEL ELSOM
Directed by RICHARD WHORF
Produced by JAMES J. GELLER • Screenplay by Philip MacDonald
From a Play by Frank Vosper • Based on a Story by Agatha Christie
AN EAGLE LION FILMS RELEASE

Preview for baby: At Joan Caulfield's baby shower for Mona Freeman—Wanda Hendrix, Virginia Welles, Diana Lewis Powell, Mona. In background, Joan, Mary Phillips, Mary Lou Van Ness, Betty Caulfield

INSIDE STUFF

worth attention are Sam Wanamaker, Leo Genn and Valli.

Wanamaker began his stage training with the Goodman Theater Art Institute and the Chicago Civic Theater and went right on to becoming Ingrid Bergman's leading man in the Broadway show "Joan of Lorraine." Movies grabbed him for "Ever the Beginning" with director Elliot Nugent going crazy with Sam's questions of why, how come, and what for. You see he isn't content with being an attorney and an actor; he must be a director yet. He's about five-foot-ten, married, has a five-year-old child, Abby.

Valli once met Frank Sinatra in her native Italy and said, "I hope some day I make a picture with you." She did, only in "The Miracle of the Bells" they have no scenes together. Darkly different, arrestingly attractive and considered a great actress in Europe, Valli has starred in thirty-four Italian pictures. During the war she had a narrow escape from the German Secret Service when she refused to work for the Nazis. In 1944 she married Oscar de Mejo, the Italian pianist and composer. Her first American film is "The Paradine Case."

English Leo Genn, who plays *Dr. Kit* in "The Snake Pit," was an attorney and chief Investigator and Assistant Prosecutor at the Belsen War Crimes trials. What's more, he was a Lt. Colonel in the British Artillery and played in Laurence Olivier's "Henry V," a role that brought him to New York for the play "Another Part of the Forest." From there he traveled to Hollywood to play in "Mourning Becomes Electra." He's married, has black curly hair, brown eyes and was captain of the soccer team at Cambridge.

Lobster grill: Genial Alan Hale demonstrates the right approach to broiled lobster to Mrs. Clarence Day and Gov. Hildreth. They're guests at world premiere of "Life with Father" in Skowhegan, Maine

Which Twin has the Toni?

(And which had her permanent at a beauty shop? No one could tell the Ring twins' permanents apart—can you? See the answer below!)

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Your Toni wave is guaranteed to last just as long as a $15 beauty shop permanent — or your money back.

Why is TONI a creme?
Because Toni Creme Waving Lotion waves the hair gently — leaves it soft as silk with no frizziness, no dried-out brittleness even on the first day.

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The Toni Home Permanent Kit with reusable plastic curlers costs only $2 . . . with handy fiber curlers only $1.25. The Toni Refill Kit complete except for curlers is just $1. (All prices plus tax. Prices slightly higher in Canada.)

Which is the TONI Twin?
Kathleene, at the right, has the TONI. Ask for Toni today. On sale at all leading drug, notions or cosmetic counters.

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THE CREME COLD WAVE

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the most sensational cosmetic since lipstick!

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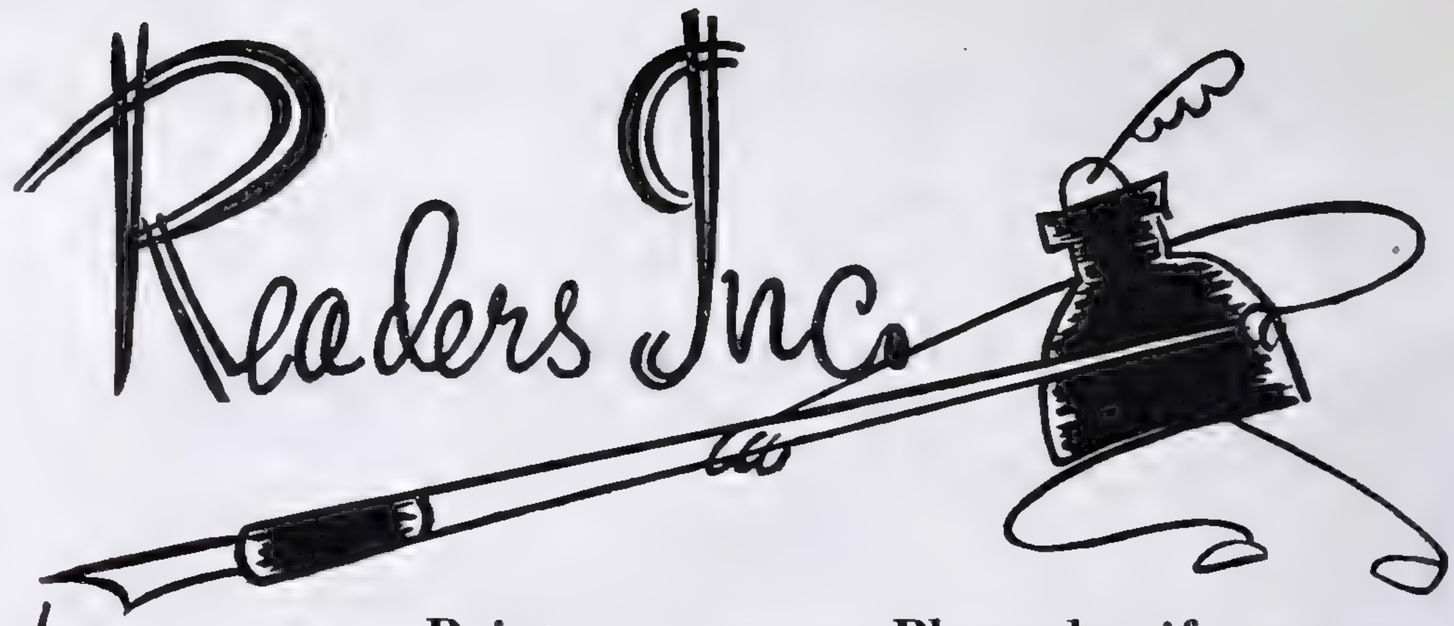

Point your pen at Photoplay if you want to be heard in this monthly review of reader remarks

Correspondents Wanted:

This spot in Photoplay is for readers to tell us—and the world—what they think. So send your letter, mail it today! Write what you think about stars or double features, censorship or English movies, critics or Photoplay—whatever is on your mind. Address your letters to Readers Inc., Photoplay, 205 E. 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y.

Brain Waves

Dear Photoplay:

Thanks for the story "On the Amber Spot" in the June issue. It was wonderful! We're always interested to read about this breathlessly awaited movie. Why not publish portraits of the leading members of the cast in the roles they portray in "Forever Amber"? Above all, you must give us a Paul Hesse cover portrait of Linda Darnell as *Amber!* A Photoplay cover of the beautiful Linda as the tempestuous heroine would be worthy of hanging in a museum.

BOB ROSTERMAN
Blair, Nebraska

Photoplay is playing the fairy godmother and you'll have your wish for a Darnell cover by Hesse very soon.

Dear Editors:

After many years of reading your magazine, it is very refreshing to find an article—even a short one—on Jerome Cowan in the September issue.

It is my belief that the general public has grown tired of the brilliant write-ups on the more important players. Won't you publish soon one long article on Gene Lockhart—a talented player who deserves an Oscar for every performance?

Also, couldn't you be a little less fantastic in your descriptions of forthcoming films? None of us have left the theater "mopping our brow"—nor did we "scream with fright."

D. P. SHANKS
Kansas City, Missouri

Producers Take Note:

Dear Photoplay:

Not so very long ago I read in our one and only newspaper that the "Keeper of the Bees" was coming to town. I was thrilled, but when I saw what that picture did to such a grand book, I was so disappointed I could almost have cried. They took out the good and added an almost cheap, worldly thing that we see around us all the time. In fact, we see so much of it, it's a wonder we don't all lose what little faith we have in our fellow man.

If a book has any backbone at all, for goodness sake, don't tear it out, or it will do just what "Keeper of the Bees" did—fall flat on its face.

MRS. ANN HORTON
Searcy, Arkansas

Open Letter to Al Jolson:

Mr. Jolson, you're terrific! The verve, the vigor, the vitality of your voice! Why, it's as fresh and youthful as it was twenty years ago when I first heard you in "The Singing Fool." Unaltered by time is the magic power of you and your songs to sway an audience—to produce a smile, a tear, and those nostalgic yearnings for yesteryear. Stop me . . . I'm ravin'.

So, let Larry Parks, Skolsky, Columbia Pictures, et al, gather their well deserved plaudits for "The Jolson Story." As for me, I'm gonna make with the laurel wreaths and dust off that pedestal for you, Al Jolson, 'cause you're still "the greatest entertainer of them all."

MRS. CHARLOTTE WHITE
Hastings, Nebraska

Editor's Note: In the "Jolson Story" Larry Parks played the role of Al Jolson, but the singing was done by Al himself.

Brickbat We Won't Forget

Dear Sir:

In the article "Conversation Piece" by Anita Colby in your October issue it was stated that Lauren Bacall was given a whistle by Humphrey Bogart after production of "Casablanca." Ingrid Bergman starred in "Casablanca." Also in "I Can't Forget" by Sheilah Graham, the authoress mentioned that she would never forget Van Johnson's smiling face in "Of Human Bondage." It seems to me that Miss Graham has already forgotten. Mr. Johnson has never appeared in this movie to my knowledge.

Please set me straight on these facts.

HARRY ROBINSON
Muskegon Hgts., Michigan

(*Continued on page* 31)

At last! and it's about time! A braid of fine, imported real hair at a price you can afford!

Imagine! A braid, twenty inches long, of three strands of supple, lustrous real hair matched beautifully to your own hair! A braid so natural no one can tell it from your own hair. So versatile, dozens of different hair-dos are quickly yours. So simple to attach and secure—just follow directions. 6-strand $18.00, 3-strand .. $12.50

MAIL ORDER ONLY: Be sure you enclose ample hair samples—Snip one inch close to scalp from top, side, and back to assure perfect match. No C.O.D.'s, please.

New York City residents add 2% sales tax to remittance

Victor Vito illustrates a few ways with the braid he designed exclusively for Tresses. 3-strand braid shown. La Tausca Pearls.

25 *Ways of a Maid with a Braid by* VICTOR VITO

Victor Vito is one of the few creative hair stylists who believe in simple but effective hair-dos you can manage at home. That's why Victor Vito designed these braids (right length, right widths) exclusively for Tresses . . . then created 25 different ways to wear them. They're all in the illustrated booklet, "25 Ways of a Maid with a Braid," that shows you how quickly and easily you can do them at home. Booklet is enclosed with your braid order.

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ONLY MAIL ORDER MAKES THESE LOW PRICES POSSIBLE • TRESSES ARE FULLY GUARANTEED

In pursuit of laughter: Blonde Signe Hasso and Bob Hope score in "Where There's Life"

✓✓ (F) Where There's Life (Paramount)

FREE of the fancy trappings that impeded him in "Monsieur Beaucaire," Bob Hope goes places in this latest laugh hit. Once more he's in the clutches of court life, a victim of mistaken identity. This time he's a carefree disk jockey, peddling dog food; carefree, that is, until a sinister delegation, headed by Signe Hasso, descends upon him, full of wild talk about becoming king of a country he never knew was on the map.

In vain Hope pleads he's about to be wed, and simply can't fly off to *Barovia* or anywhere else. What with secret spies all over the place, determined to assassinate him on the one hand, and his fiancee's furious family of cops after him on the other, life's no picnic for poor Bob. How he and the beautiful blonde foreigner manage to outwit their pursuers makes for a gag-strewn story of royal intrigue.

With the competent assistance of William Bendix, Hope tosses about quips left and right—and he's the boy to toss 'em. Although he may never become monarch of a mythical country, Bob Hope can certainly claim the title of Crown Prince of Comedy.

Your Reviewer Says: Bob Hope in top form.

A reliable guide to recent pictures.

✓Good. ✓✓Very good. ✓✓✓Outstanding.

F—For the whole family. A—For adults

THE

✓ (A) Out of the Past (RKO)

A LOT of low characters play for high stakes in this fast-moving motion picture based on the novel by Geoffrey Homes, "Build My Gallows High."

As a private detective, attempting to outsmart his gambler-employer and have himself a little romance on the side, Robert Mitchum dominates every scene. And Jane Greer effectively handles her role of wily female, too greedy for her own good. These two discover the dire consequences of the old double-cross, but not before corpses pile up one upon the other, involving them in no end of trouble.

Virginia Huston is sympathetic as the girl who loves Mitchum despite his unsavory past, precarious present and dubious future. Decidedly decorative is Rhonda Fleming, and Kirk Douglas's smiling scoundrel is convincing. Much of the crackling dialogue between them develops into a sparring contest with nobody emerging as the winner.

However, they do manage to drive home the point that there's no one in the world you can trust.

Your Reviewer Says: A murder-packed meller.

Present tense: Bob Mitchum, Jane Greer star in mystery hit, "Out of the Past"

For Complete Casts of Current Pictures See Page 105. For Best Pictures of the Month and

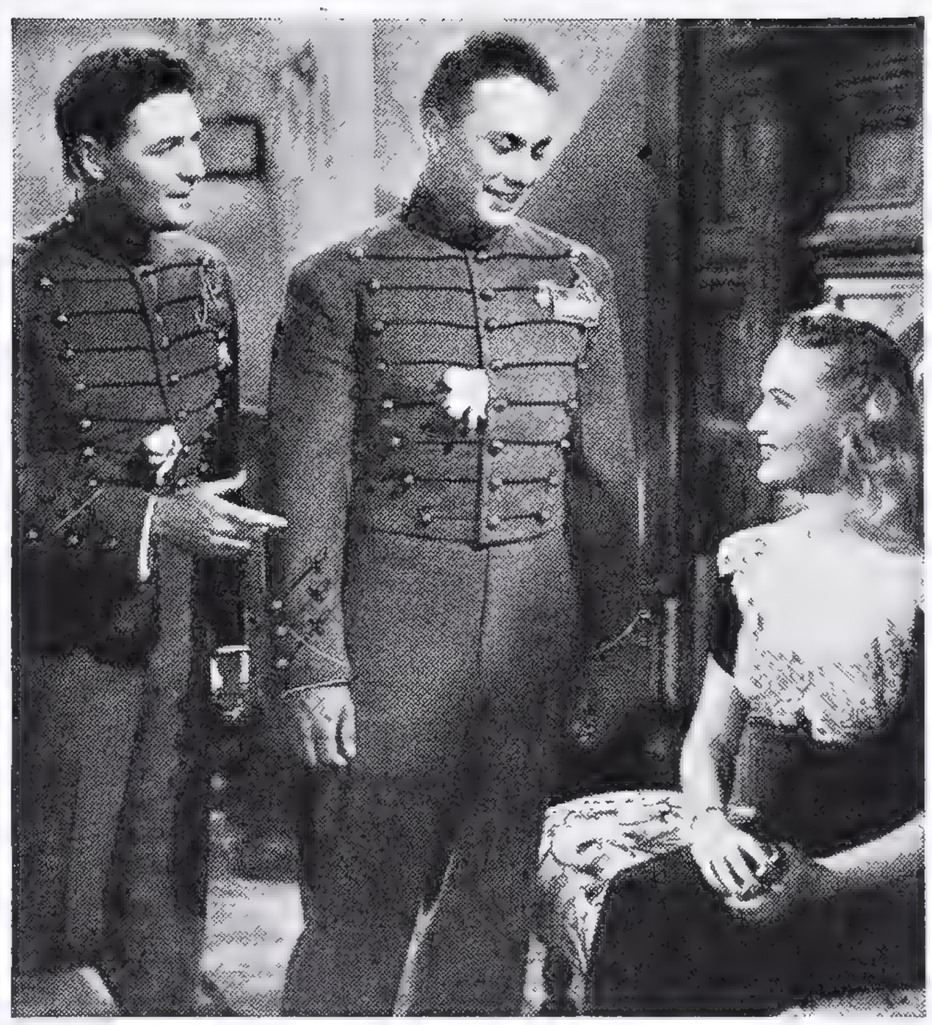
✓ (F) Spirit of West Point (Film Classics)

THAT great American sport, football, is in the foreground here with that great American institution, West Point, serving as background. The leading players are the "touchdown twins" themselves: "Doc" Blanchard and Glenn Davis. Surprisingly enough, these giants of the gridiron make acceptable actors; especially Blanchard who, with his powerful build, ingratiating manner, soft Southern accent, seems at ease before the camera. However, it isn't acting prowess that counts, but the All Americans' sensational performances on the field. And when fame overtakes Blanchard and Davis, they must decide whether to switch to professional football with its financial advantages, or stick to Army careers.

You'll get your fill of football, as played by experts, including the exciting Army-Navy game of 1944 with sportcasters Bill Stern and Harry Wismer giving a play-by-play description of the scrimmage. You'll also get a glimpse of the grind —physical and mental—that's part of the training of every would-be officer at the Academy.

It all adds up to a picture which for football fans is at once thrilling, compelling, entertaining.

Your Reviewer Says: A field day for football fans.



Touchdown: Glenn Davis, "Doc" Blanchard, Lee Bennett in "Spirit of West Point"

SHADOW STAGE

BY ELSA BRANDEN

✓ (F) Ride the Pink Horse (Universal-International)

SEEMS Robert Montgomery—the kind of guy your big sister dreamed of dating—is competing with Bogart these days, in portraying hard-boiled characters. He played a disillusioned detective in "Lady in the Lake." Again in the dual capacity of actor-director, he's a tight-lipped gent who learns that revenge isn't always sweet.

It's primarily revenge for the murder of a pal by big-shot crook Fred Clark—and a bit of blackmailing on the side—that bring Montgomery to a little town in New Mexico. There he runs into a government detective Art Smith, also seeking to get the goods on the gangster, and the latter's girl, Andrea King, a double-dealing doll as dangerous as she's deceitful. By way of contrast Wanda Hendrix plays an enigmatic young Indian maid, wise beyond her years, who stubbornly sticks to Bob through thick and thin. Another who proves a friend in need is the owner of the town's merry-go-round, Thomas Gomez, himself merry and round.

One and all perform their parts adroitly against the colorful background of a fiesta.

Your Reviewer Says: Hard-hitting gangster film.

Race for vengeance: Bob Montgomery, Wanda Hendrix in "Ride the Pink Horse"

Best Performances See Page 27. For Brief Reviews of Current Pictures See Page 29.

✓ (F) The Foxes of Harrow (20th Century-Fox)

AN ultra-conventional costume drama has been fashioned from Frank Yerby's novel set in New Orleans of 1830. The picture's principal asset is Rex Harrison, who lends his extraordinary personal charm to the role of Irish adventurer turned country gentleman. A common gambler robbed of his birthright, Rex must live by his wits. He manages to win a plantation and wed New Orleans' most beautiful belle—none other than Maureen O'Hara.

Now Maureen's a standoffish wench who won't admit his great attraction for her, so the eternal war 'twixt the sexes is on! She spurns Rex with single-minded persistence, meanwhile suffering exquisitely. Instead of bringing them together, their child causes more misunderstandings. They sulk and rage at each other until you begin to wonder if these two ever will reach that kiss-and-make-up stage.

Unfortunately, the story doesn't travel along a straight line but in a series of spirals. Extraneous situations are dragged in which are diverting enough, but have little bearing on the main theme. Strange voodoo rites among the slaves and violent thunder storms achieve a theatrical rather than dramatic effect. Standouts in an all-around good cast are Richard Haydn, Victor McLaglen, Gene Lockhart.

Your Reviewer Says: That Rex is *so* romantic!

✓ (F) Desire Me (M-G-M)

MOVIE-GOERS with a preference for drama-drenched romance will revel in this film from a Leonhard Frank novel, originally bearing the more suitable title, "A Woman of My Own." True, there's nothing very new about the Enoch Arden theme, but with Greer Garson to infuse fresh life into it, and Robert Mitchum and Richard Hart on hand to help her, "Desire Me" becomes a dynamic drama calculated to stir your emotions.

Garson, of course, has that elusive charm that sets her apart from other glamour gals. Her portrayal of a lonely woman in a French fishing village, longing for the return of her soldier-husband only to have a fellow-prisoner of war show up in his place, is a penetrating one. As the crafty interloper who hopes to supplant Mitchum, supposedly killed in a Nazi camp, newcomer Richard Hart of the Broadway stage imparts considerable vitality to a demanding role. The story builds up to a gripping climax when the two men meet, one armed with a gun, the other a knife, to fight for the woman they love.

Your Reviewer Says: Plenty of punch.

✓ (F) Unconquered (Paramount)

GET your Indian war whoops ready for this boisterous business straight out of Cecil B. De Mille's sleeve. He's here again with his big all-star cast, his million-dollar spectacle and a plot full of more perils than *Pauline* ever encountered. The cool and calm *Captain Christopher Holden* is Gary Cooper, equal to any emergency Mr. De Mille might cook up; and in this one he cooks up plenty. Paulette Goddard is *Abby* who steps right off a slave ship into the wilds of the colonies where Indian chief Boris Karloff lurks behind a tree with his war paint on. The wicked conniver is Howard Da Silva and Katherine De Mille is his Indian wife.

History comes in with lots of wonderful Technicolor to dress up old Fort Pitt and there's some interesting chit-chat between that young Indian fighter, Colonel George Washington, and his stalwart cohorts, not to mention some sets that must have cost a pretty penny. Cooper settles into his role in fine fashion, but Miss Goddard sometimes looks as though she just thought she was playing Injuns, which is certainly no way to act when massacres are going on.

If you like your history and your De Mille you'll find both of them here, blended into a big motion picture production that sometimes borders on the implausible side but still has more hearty old-fashioned action than you've seen in many a Hollywood day.

Your Reviewer Says: A De Mille special.

(F) Robin Hood of Texas (Republic)

GENE AUTRY and the Cass County Boys are themselves again, this time in a Texas town where they get taken by some city slickers and land behind the bars. But not for long—they get right out only to land in more trouble in some place called Serenity. Lynne Roberts backs up the boys and Champion Jr. out on a dude ranch where so many dastardly things happen in fast succession, the Saturday-afternoon audiences are going to run clean out of yells.

Sterling Holloway looks familiar as do the sets, but it's all comfortable and routine in straight Western style. Send the children and if you like Gene and those moments of hummin' and strummin' go yourself.

Your Reviewer Says: Well, you know Autry.

(F) Louisiana (Monogram)

LOUISIANA will sit up and take notice of this movie starring their own governor Jimmie Davis. Once they see it, however, they may sink back in their seats, for, while it's something to watch a "first man" playing a first on the screen, "Louisiana" is still a boring movie. As a short portraying the hard sharecropper's-farm-to-governor's-mansion saga of the crooning legislator who conducted his campaign braced with a band, it might have provided fifteen minutes' adult entertainment, but drawn out to a full-length feature it's apt to have its audience squirming.

Jimmie Davis plays himself—which is certainly something of a "first" in any movie. He is not an actor and there's no one else around to carry the weight of the piece. Margaret Lindsay fills in the background as his wife, John Gallaudet is Charlie Mitchell and there are some familiar Hollywood faces as politicians. The plot skimpers around trying to make the most of Jimmy's odd crooning-professor-politician life, but it was more enjoyable as a small magazine feature than it is as a marquee headliner. Somebody made a mistake.

Your Reviewer Says: Maybe—if you live in Louisiana.

(F) Springtime in the Sierras (Republic)

WHAT the title has to do with this Roy Rogers endeavor is a little song hummed by Roy and the Sons of the Pioneers. The rest of the reels, in a questionable Trucolor that sometimes endows everyone with a greenish tinge, deals with the doings of some illegal hunters who are shooting venison out of season. One of the most lethal of these is Stephanie Bachelor who wears clothes well and looks as though she should have a chance in something more than a Western. Jane Frazee is the good girl with the bad brother and Andy Devine is made to look and act silly as a cameraman in a smock.

All told, this isn't up to those nice Roy Rogers films. It gets a little of a horror-story touch with Roy locked up in an icehouse. We like our Rogers straight, riding Trigger over the range and catching the good old-fashioned villains in his good old-fashioned way.

Your Reviewer Says: Not up to standard.

Best Picture of the Month

Where There's Life

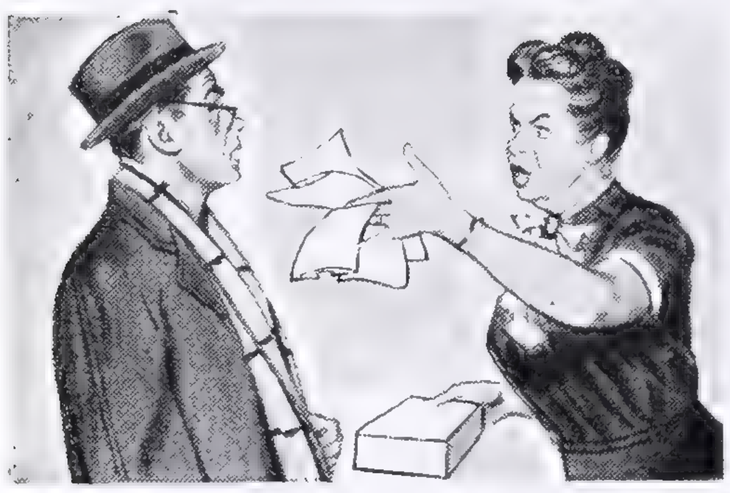
Best Performances

Robert Montgomery in "Ride the Pink Horse"

Rex Harrison in "The Foxes of Harrow"

Greer Garson, Robert Mitchum, Richard Hart in "Desire Me"

Are you trying to tell me All tissues aren't KLEENEX?



Homer, how can a mind like yours get so confused? — chided my wife. I've *always* told you Kleenex and ordinary tissues aren't the same! Why, even the Kleenex *box* is different. It *serves up* tissues — saves time and trouble. I want *Kleenex* — there's no other like it!

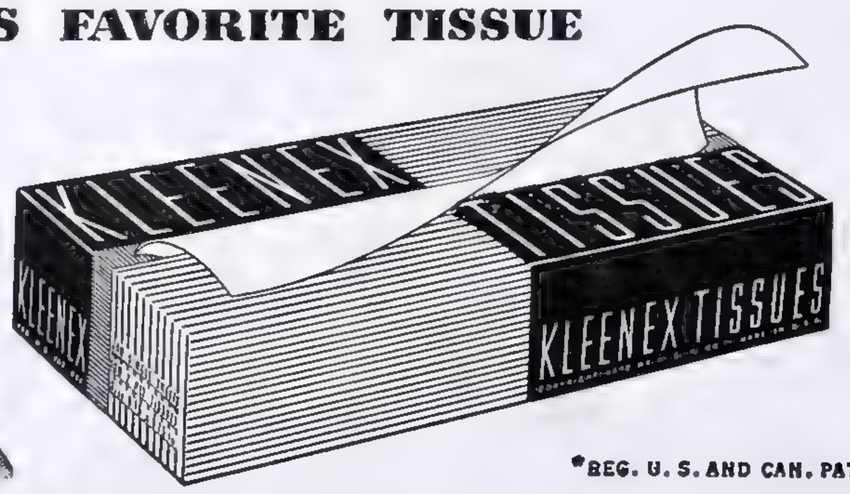
PreCISELY! echoed Dean Doolittle. My dear colleague, Kleenex is *one species* of tissue — not a term for tissues as a group! Indeed, I find Kleenex most soothing for that (ahem!) sniffling condition which accompanies a cold. In short, there is *only one* Kleenex!

Brain Boy, you're slipping! my sister admonished me. I'm a teacher, too, but in *my* book — Kleenex means just one brand of tissues. Nice, *soft* tissues — to remove my face cream *gently!* But do you remember to ask for *Kleenex*? No. You mumble "tissues." As if my *skin* wouldn't know the difference!

Why be a guesser, Professor? said my nephew. Just hold this Kleenex tissue to a light. See any lumps, or weak spots? Ixnay! You see Kleenex *quality* smilin' through — always the same — so you're sure Kleenex *must* be a softie, but tough enough for any Joe Blow! Your *eyes* tell you there's *only one* Kleenex!

Lucky I learned...*There is only one KLEENEX*

AMERICA'S FAVORITE TISSUE



*REG. U. S. AND CAN. PAT. OFF.

DON LOPER'S *Clinic*

by Don Loper

JOAN CAULFIELD looked most exquisite when she stepped into the studio to be photographed by Paul Hesse for Photoplay's Christmas cover. While she stood under the lights and Paul began to line up his shots, I glanced into Joan's dressing room. Everything was perfectly in order. The dressing table had all her make-up neatly placed on a white towel. The clothes Joan had worn to the studio were tidily folded over a chair back. Her shoes were arranged below in a straight line. She had not simply stepped out of them and left them lopsided. Everything was so neat and orderly I knew we would get a wonderful picture. You may wonder why neatness should tell me this. Here is the reason and an important reason it is, too: You must be neat to know how to wear your clothes. And you must have a healthy respect and understanding of your clothes to get the best effect.

Joan, as she walked under the lights, asked Hesse where he wanted her. He pointed to a low bench. Before Joan sat down, however, she gently pulled the fabulous silver lamé dress to one side. There would be no wrinkles, no folds when she arose.

Have you ever watched a girl plop down in a chair? Seen her skirt rise above her knees? Watched her jacket hunch on her shoulders? Observed her waistline tighten and strain? Then, when this girl stood up, have you seen her pull and adjust her costume? These things are not only unattractive to look at, they are extremely bad for the suit or dress. There is stress and strain on the seams and, of course, where your body has pressed against the fabric, there are wrinkles and folds. Those who design the clothes you wear work very hard to make them flattering and beautiful. So, my fashion tip is to be neat in everything you do, a tip so simple that every good designer wishes he could tell it to all his customers. I've told you because, via this cover of Photoplay, I am in a sense your designer.

What questions do you want to ask about your clothes? About motion picture fashions in relation to your way of life? About buying a wardrobe for all occasions? I help solve the problems of stars like Ginger Rogers, Diana Lynn, Anne Baxter and all the other girls who come into my shop and I would be very happy to help you, the fashion-conscious readers of Photoplay, too. Photoplay will send your letters to me. See you next month.

Brief Reviews

✓✓✓ Indicates picture rated "outstanding" when reviewed

✓✓ Indicates picture rated "very good" when reviewed

✓ Indicates picture rated "good" when reviewed

ADVENTURE ISLAND—Pine-Thomas-Paramount: The plot's from Stevenson's "Ebb Tide" and the acting's by that picturesque young couple Rory Calhoun and Rhonda Fleming. (Oct.)

BLACK GOLD—Allied Artists: Anthony Quinn as *Charley Eagle* is such a nice Indian. Katherine De Mille, as his wife, has too much of an Oxford accent to be convincing, but you may still warm to the affairs of Charley and his Chinese protege. (Oct.)

✓*BLACK NARCISSUS*—Rank-Universal: This is a strange movie based on Rumer Godden's strange book about some nuns up in the Himalayas. Kathleen Bryon may give you some shudders but Deborah Kerr is too restrained to be outstanding. (Oct.)

✓*BOB, SON OF BATTLE*—20th Century-Fox: A loved children's classic gives Lon McCallister and Peggy Ann Garner a chance to try out their Scotch accents. Edmund Gwenn plays a fine Scot. (Sept.)

✓ *BODY AND SOUL*—Enterprise-UA: Something more than just another prize-fight story with John Garfield shaking everything out of his role and Lilli Palmer as the prettier side of the picture. No hearts-and-flowers story; the punches are delivered straight; and you won't want to miss Canada Lee. (Nov.)

✓✓*BRUTE FORCE*—Universal: A straight right from Hollywood with a strong brutal plot about a prison break and some brutal portrayals by Burt Lancaster, Hume Cronyn, Charles Bickford. (Sept.)

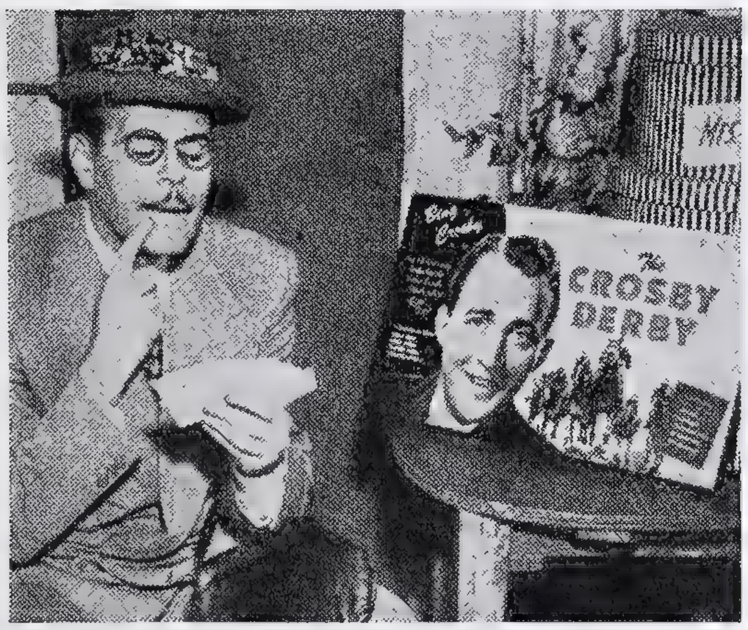
CARAVAN—Eagle-Lion: This has a plot straight out of one of Grandma's old novels with Stewart Granger running into a long line of cut-throats in old Spain. Ann Crawford is the beflounced heroine and Dennis Price the monocle-twirling cad. (Nov.)

✓✓*CROSSFIRE*—RKO: An A-1 movie, dealing with plain facts and plain people—and the touchy subject of intolerance, in an intelligent and courageous manner. Robert Ryan and Robert Mitchum excellent as two soldiers poles apart in their ideas. Robert Young solves the murder. (Oct.)

DARK PASSAGE, THE—Warners: Some plastic surgery features in this. Lauren Bacall exchanges weighted glances with convict Humphrey Bogart who's on the lam; Agnes Moorehead and Bruce Bennett try hard to keep things in high gear. (Oct.)

DEEP VALLEY—Warners: On-the-dreary-side film about a broken-down family with Ida Lupino in between feuding parents Fay Bainter and Henry Hull, and Wayne Morris being unexcitingly good and honest. Convict Dane Clark snaps Ida out of her depression, then comes the posse. (Sept.)

✓*FIESTA*—M-G-M: Lively Technicolor happenings down in Mexico including gay bullfights and symphony concerts, centering around Esther Williams and her twin brother newcomer Ricardo Montalban. There's Mary Astor, Fortunio Bonanova and Akim Tamiroff to help carry this off successfully. (Sept.)



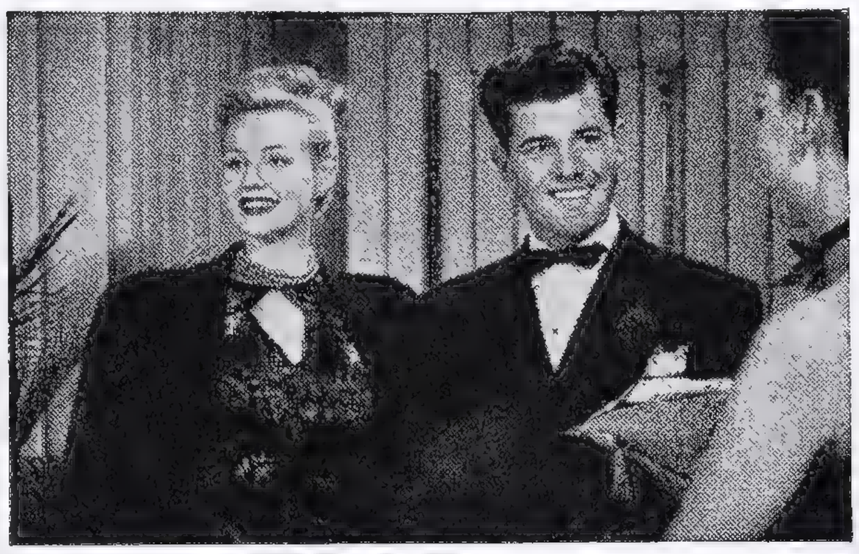
Mrs. Murgatroyd **(Billy DeWolfe) just couldn't wait to remove *her* hat before trying out the new Crosby Derby game**

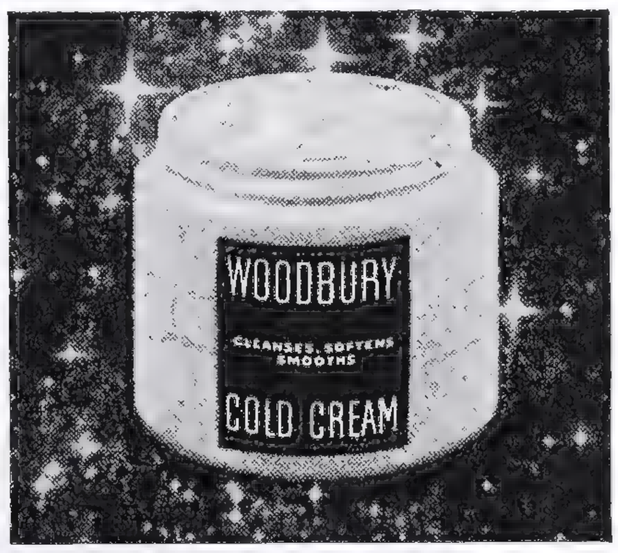
—that Always-Fresh look

says **VIRGINIA MAYO,** co-starring in Samuel Goldwyn's Technicolor Comedy **"THE SECRET LIFE OF WALTER MITTY"**

"My beauty-glow cleansing

"No secret about a lovely-to-look-at complexion. Just beauty-cleanse the way I do with Woodbury Cold Cream. Whisks off even the heaviest movie make-up." Ginny is wise to Woodbury. It contains rich oils. It's really deep cleansing. Smooth it on quickly . . . skin blooms clean. Try Woodbury for that "Always-Fresh" look.





Excitement in the air — enter Virginia. She says, "First after work comes my date with Woodbury. Its rich cleansing smooths my studio dry skin. In a flash skin's fresh—*oh, so smooth.*" Woodbury's four special softening ingredients smooth skin — but surely. Try it, and see!

—with Woodbury Cold Cream"

WOODBURY CREAMS FOR PROBLEM SKINS

DRY SKIN. First, cleanse with WOODBURY COLD CREAM. Soften with WOODBURY Special DRY SKIN CREAM — rich in lanolin's beautifying benefits. Skin looks fresher, younger!

OILY SKIN. Cleanse with WOODBURY Liquefying CLEANSING CREAM. It *melts* — takes off surface oils, grime, for clearer skin!

✓✓*FRIEDA* — Universal-International: That man Rank is here again with another good film on an up-to-the-minute subject. *Frieda* is a German war bride who comes home to trouble in a British village with Flora Robson, David Farrar and Glynis Johns helping you to make up your mind just what you would have done. (Nov.)

✓*GOLDEN EARRINGS*—Paramount: Quentin Reynolds plays himself to track down the story of why British Colonel Ray Milland's ears are pierced. It's some story, featuring Marlene Dietrich as a dirty-faced gypsy and Murvyn Vye as a chorister. (Oct.)

HEAVEN ONLY KNOWS—Nebenzal-UA: Bob Cummings sprouts some invisible wings and comes down to earth as the *Archangel Michael* to straighten out the life of bad man Brian Donlevy. Despite the wings this is just another Western with Jorja Curtright looking exotically out of place. (Sept.)

✓*HER HUSBAND'S AFFAIRS*—Columbia: A light touch of nonsense about the married life of Lucille Ball and Franchot Tone, this has some big laughs about bigger black beards and Edward Everett Horton. Larry Parks bows in briefly. (Oct.)

✓✓*HUCKSTERS, THE*—M-G-M: Quick and to the satirical point with Clark Gable as the advertising "Huckster" and Deborah Kerr the lady who can resist a sales talk. Sydney Greenstreet, Ava Gardner and Adolphe Menjou help get the laughs. (Sept.)

✓✓*I WONDER WHO'S KISSING HER NOW*—20th Century-Fox: Musical about the life of composer Joe E. Howard. Mark Stevens, June Haver, Lenore Aubert and Martha Stewart dress it up; the songs and Reginald Gardiner's clowning add the finishing touches to a dandy musical. (Sept.)

✓*IVY*—Universal-International: "Ivy," despite Joan Fontaine's deft manipulations, doesn't give you as many chills as she should. Despite nice performances by Herbert Marshall, Richard Ney and Patric Knowles you'll still just go along with it. (Sept.)

✓✓*KISS OF DEATH*—20th Century-Fox: Mature entertainment with Victor Mature coming through a blue-ribbon actor in a realistic new-type gangster film. Richard Widmark and Coleen Gray are two new faces you won't forget. (Nov.)

✓✓*LIFE WITH FATHER*—Warners: *Father* practically ran Broadway for six years and now, thanks to a brilliant performance by William Powell, he's taking over the movie audiences. Irene Dunne is *Mother* and Elizabeth Taylor mixes sweetly with the four sons. On your don't-miss file. (Nov.)

✓*LIVING IN A BIG WAY*—M-G-M: The be-all of this fairly chuckly little story about veterans' housing is dancer Gene Kelly who does some pretty footwork all the way through. Marie McDonald and Phyllis Thaxter are the gals. (Sept.)

✓*LONG NIGHT, THE*—RKO: You'll keep rather dreary vigil with Henry Fonda in the room he refuses to leave after he's committed murder. Barbara Bel Geddes and Ann Dvorak try and convince him to face the police but before he does you'll hear the story of why he killed off slimy Vincent Price. (Sept.)

LURED—Stromberg-UA: This is all fairly handsome hokum conducted by Lucille Ball, George Sanders and Boris Karloff. When all's said and done it's still just a *papiér mâché mystery*. (Sept.)

✓*MAGIC TOWN*—RKO: Everybody will see this because Jimmy's Stewart's wandering around in it as a public-opinion expert who comes up against small-town philosophy expounded by Jane Wyman. (Nov.)

✓*MERTON OF THE MOVIES*—M-G-M: Red Skelton takes over the famous *Merton* and brings him up to date in a nice little slapstick comedy. Virginia O'Brien keeps it all lighthearted and Alan Mowbray, Gloria Grahame and Leon Ames play around. (Oct.)

✓*MOTHER WORE TIGHTS*—20th Century-Fox: Betty Grable and Dan Dailey step up in a light-hearted musical of the good old days. It's a family-type story with Mona Freeman and Connie Marshall as *Mother's* little girls and everybody pulling together to give you a nice look at some good dancing. (Nov.)

✓*OUT OF THE BLUE*—Eagle-Lion: A pretty surprise in the way of a jovial comedy in which George Brent wins handclaps in his role of the husband henpecked by Carole Landis and picked on by Ann Dvorak. Turhan Bey's the romantic ticket. (Nov.)

RED STALLION, THE—Eagle Lion: Small fry will probably love this business about a big horse named "Red" and his young owner Ted Donaldson who saves *Grandma's* ranch right at the last moment. Older audiences can pass with no regrets. (Oct.)

✓*REPEAT PERFORMANCE*—Eagle-Lion: Rather a different little idea in this: i.e., that a girl has the chance to live over one year of her life again. Seeing as how Joan Leslie shot husband Louis Hayward the first time, you may be interested in seeing how she fares on her second run. (Sept.)

✓*ROMANCE OF ROSY RIDGE, THE*—M-G-M: Van Johnson gets mixed up in the feud that went on down in the Ozarks after the Civil War. There's real music in that hill-billy accent, plus O. A. Whitehead, Thomas Mitchell, Selena Royle and Janet Leigh to keep the story running along. (Sept.)

✓✓*ROOSEVELT STORY, THE*—Tola Productions: A series of newsreel clips takes on the feeling of a narrative film to recount the life of Franklin Delano Roosevelt from the time of his marriage. Whether you're a Roosevelt man or no, you'll be intensely moved. (Sept.)

SADDLE PALS—Republic: Another Autry episode with Gene and the Cass County Boys fighting a rent rise and taming Lynne Roberts. (Sept.)

✓✓*SECRET LIFE OF WALTER MITTY, THE*—Goldwyn: Danny Kaye turns up as the daydreaming *Mitty* of Thurber's famous short story and with the help of Fay Bainter, Ann Rutherford, Virginia Mayo and Boris Karloff makes this a leader. (Oct.)

✓*SOMETHING IN THE WIND*—Universal-International: Deanna Durbin is a disk jockey eager to find out why John Dall thinks she was mixed up with his grandfather. There are some excellent songs as usual from Miss Durbin including a chuckleful duet with Jan Peerce. Donald O'Connor ducks in and out of this fairly interesting piece. (Oct.)

✓✓*SONG OF LOVE*—M-G-M: Schumann's life is portrayed by Paul Henreid in a fascinating interest-rouser accented with great music with Katharine Hepburn as Mrs. Schumann, Robert Walker as Brahms, Henry Daniell as Lizst. You'll look and listen. (Nov.)

✓*UNFINISHED DANCE, THE* — M-G-M: Margaret O'Brien's about the nicest little ballerina floating around. Cyd Charisse and Karin Booth are prima donnas with ease and all the proceedings have a delightful Technicolor storybook touch. (Nov.)

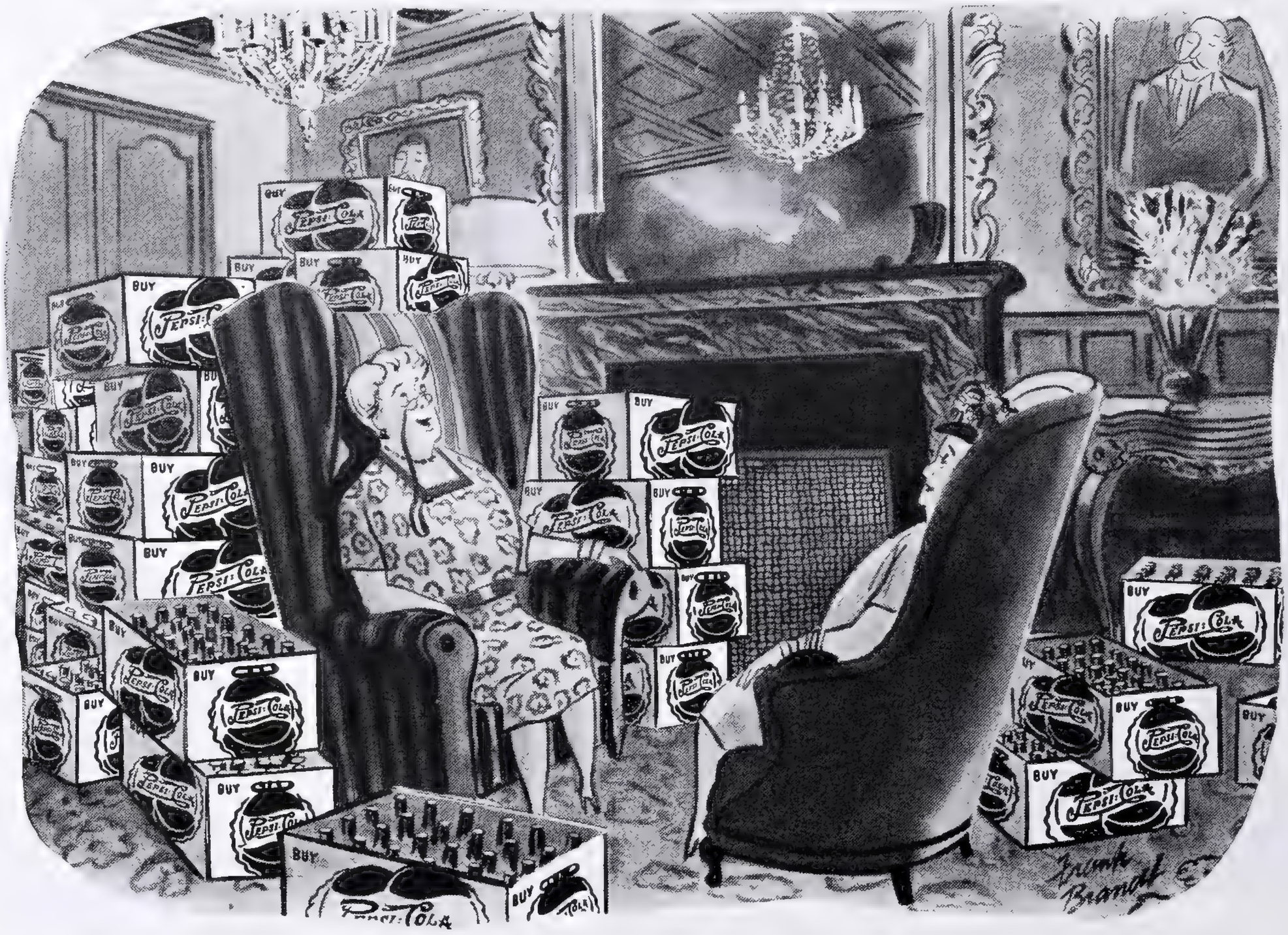
✓*UNSUSPECTED, THE*—Warners: You'll know who's guilty all along in this minor thriller starring deft Claude Rains. Michael North plays along with Joan Caulfield and there's Audrey Totter, Hurd Hatfield, Connie Bennett and Jack Lambert. (Nov.)

✓*VARIETY GIRL*—Paramount: The history of the Variety Club, "heart of show business," is the idea behind this. Everyone in Paramount makes a bow, with Crosby and Hope leading. Mary Hatcher and Olga San Juan center the theme adequately. (Sept.)

✓✓*WEB, THE*—Universal-International: A fast-moving film with fast dialogue bantered by Edmond O'Brien, Vincent Price, Ella Raines and that sure-fire character Bill Bendix. (Sept.)

WILD HARVEST—Paramount: Alan Ladd and his toughminded harvesting crew, including Robert Preston and Lloyd Nolan, roll over the wheat fields in those big new combines that are fun to watch. Not so much fun is the high-heeled maneuvering of Dorothy Lamour who never belonged on a farm. (Oct.)

ADVERTISEMENT OF PEPSI-COLA COMPANY



"John and I are terribly happy. He's given me just about everything a woman could want!"

Reader's Inc.

(Continued from page 22)

You are perfectly correct, and so are a score of our readers who have already noted this Photoplay error. Lauren Bacall's first picture was "To Have and Have Not." And Humphrey Bogart, who starred in that picture with her, gave her the whistle which serves as a conversation piece. Van Johnson was not in "Of Human Bondage." The picture referred to should have been "The Human Comedy."

Casting

Dear Editor:

Now that 20th Century-Fox owns screen rights to "Burlesque," I am going to start a return-to-the-screen campaign for Alice Faye. I saw Miss Faye at her broadcast here last spring. She was perfectly poised and beautifully groomed and I now know who has the best looking legs in Hollywood—and it ain't Betty Grable or Marlene Dietrich.

Incidentally it would be okay with me if Fox borrowed Larry Parks to play opposite her. Alice and Larry in "Burlesque" would have a line at the Roxy all the way to Radio City Music Hall.

DAVID A. POWERS
New York, N. Y.

Question Box:

Gentlemen:

I am at a loss to know where else to inquire the name of an actor appearing in "Calcutta." He was a gambler in that picture and was shot at the end. I would really appreciate it if you could tell me.

MRS. F. DA COSTA
Vienna, Virginia

Lowell Gilmore plays the role of Eric Tasser, *the gambling-casino operator in "Calcutta." A review and cast of the picture appeared in* PHOTOPLAY *last June.*

Dear Sir:

Can you give me some information regarding the musical scores in "Cover Girl" and "Cheyenne"? I would like to know the names of the musical numbers played in these two pictures and whether they were recorded.

JOHN C. BERKEL
Rochester, N. Y.

The musical score in "Cover Girl" was written by Jerome Kern and the two hit songs were "Long Ago and Far Away," and "Make Way for Tomorrow." There are a number of recordings.

The score for "Cheyenne" was by Max Steiner. With the exception of "Going Back to Old Cheyenne" and "I Am So in Love I Don't Know What I'm Doing" the rest of the score is untitled. None of these songs have been published.

Dear Editors:

Would it be possible for you to give me the name of the book that Joan Bennett wrote several years ago? I believe it was a book on manners.

JEAN MARSTON
Minneapolis, Minn.

The title of Joan Bennett's book is "How to be Attractive" and it is published by Alfred A. Knopf.

Dear Editors:

In your latest edition I saw the picture of Ann Blyth and Frankie Van discussing his book on figure control. Would it be possible for me to get a copy?

BETTE RISCH
Chicago, Ill.

You may obtain a copy of Frankie Van's book by writing to Mr. Van, c/o Universal Pictures, Universal City, Cal.

GLADYS SWARTHOUT singing the great finale of *Mignon*. Look at her hands! They're strong—but smooth and softly feminine. The vigorous hands of an eloquent *artiste*.

"*For my hands? CREAM!*" said **GLADYS SWARTHOUT**

And the cream she uses is PACQUINS, the choice of so many stars

It's amazing! . . . the way women are changing to cream *for hand care. To* PACQUINS *Hand Cream But, then, it isn't really so amazing when you* see *and* feel *what Pacquins does for hands.*

TONIGHT give *your* hands *star* care. Cream care. Pacquins care.

Smooth on a dab of this snowy-white, quick-melting, fresh-fragrant cream.

Ahh . . . feels *good!* Really luxurious.

What's this? What's happened to that roughness, dryness, flakiness, chap? Why, your skin feels smooth, soft, velvety as the fabled gardenia petal.

And look! What's milk . . . or a pearl . . . or a moonbeam got that your hands haven't? Nothing!

Try Pacquins tonight. Just a 12-second massage. And tomorrow morning. And every night and morning. Pacquins *isn't* sticky or greasy. Disappears *fast.* It's a joy to use — as well as to have used. Try changing to cream . . . to Pacquins . . . now.

ELIZABETH WILKINSON, NURSE, REPORTS: "Pacquins was originally formulated just for nurses and doctors. Nurses' hands take a nasty beating — 30 to 40 washings and scrubbings a day. We *must* have this kind of hand care."

for "dream" hands—cream your hands

Never Sticky or Greasy!

with *Pacquins* HAND CREAM

AT ANY DRUG, DEPARTMENT, OR TEN-CENT STORE.

ADVENTURERS ON THE MARCH! CONQUERORS OF A NEW WORLD!

A whole new world of drama, love, violence and spectacle lay before their sword of conquest! Fired with passions—dynamic with a brilliant cast—a saga of gold, empire and glory!

Darryl F. Zanuck
PRESENTS

CAPTAIN from CASTILE

Color by Technicolor

STARRING

TYRONE POWER

JEAN PETERS · CESAR ROMERO · JOHN SUTTON · LEE J. COBB

with Antonio Moreno · Thomas Gomez · Alan Mowbray · Barbara Lawrence · George Zucco · Roy Roberts · Marc Lawrence

Screen Play by Lamar Trotti · From the Novel by Samuel Shellabarger

Directed by HENRY KING · Produced by LAMAR TROTTI

A 20th CENTURY-FOX MAGNIFICENT EPIC!

P

INTRODUCING...

Again the Photoplay family circle enlarges.

Beginning with this issue, with the lovely Joan Caulfield portrait, Don Loper contributes to the Photoplay cover series, so brilliantly executed each month by Paul Hesse. The name of Loper in the past year has become established in Hollywood for top-drawer designing of wardrobes for films (most recently Eagle Lion's "Out of the Blue" and "Prelude to Night") and of star clothes sold in the swank new Loper salon on the Strip.

For Photoplay, Don will design the cover costume to be worn each month, consulting with Paul Hesse as to decor and color scheme. Photoplay's editors immodestly herald future covers, costumed by Loper and executed by Hesse, as the most successful in Photoplay's history and invite readers to look forward next month to June Haver, in a skating ensemble, the month thereafter to the most eloquent camera study of Ingrid Bergman to cross these editorial desks. Future months will bring Hesse portrait studies of Betty Grable, Betty Hutton, Linda Darnell and Rita Hayworth, among others.

Then, beginning with the February issue, Mitch Leisen will write a series of home decorating articles, illustrated with photographs taken in stars' homes. The name of Leisen is familiar to you as the director and/or producer of a long list of distinguished films. A few: "Perils of Pauline," "Golden Earrings," "Dream Girl" (to be released), "To Each His Own." In Hollywood, he is equally famous for the decorating he has done. Most publicized of his achievements in this field is the apartment house off Sunset Boulevard, where live many of the popular film stars, more notably, Olivia de Havilland Goodrich and Paulette Goddard Meredith.

For Photoplay's readers, Mitch Leisen will create articles to guide them in the successful decorating of their own homes—whether one-room apartment, teen-age bedroom in the family homestead, honeymoon cottage or substantial house. It is a series intended to bring to Americans, interested in creating or re-creating beautiful homes, some of the brilliant talent reserved until now for million-dollar motion picture productions.

Welcome, Don Loper and Mitch Leisen.

Fred Hammis

Search for Happiness

So many rumors to be answered, so many questions to be asked—who else but Greer Garson could speak so revealingly about herself?

Black and white poodles complement a vivid redhead

BY LOUELLA O. PARSONS

"NEVER again will I let troubles get me down. All the unhappiness of the last year is disappearing like a cloud. I feel like a new person. I *am* a new person."

It was Greer Garson speaking. The past ten unhappy months of frustration, ill health and a broken marriage are over and past for her and she is herself again —lovely, gay and independent.

If this were not true I would not be writing this story, for when Greer was completely miserable she saw no one, not even her oldest friends.

In many cases, I'm inclined to have my tongue in cheek over the "troubles" of the successful and indulged beauties of Hollywood. So many of them are just the pinings and pipings of spoiled darlings temporarily deprived of what they want.

But certainly Greer's assorted bad breaks were far from imagined.

Early in the year she suffered a bad accident when she was washed against a rock at Carmel, while making scenes for the jinxed "Desire Me." The injury and shock resulted in months of ill health.

To add to this, (*Continued on page* 77)

Beauty's field day: Greer Garson of "Desire Me"

Christmas Gift

It began in Hanyang, China, and ended in Hollywood, where an old missionary's faith came to rest on a star

BY MAXINE ARNOLD

AFTER five years at the Mission in Hanyang, China, Father Ranaghan was back in the United States to raise funds for the work the St. Columban's Foreign Mission Society was doing in China, Korea, Burma and the Philippines.

It was a heartbreaking struggle but they were winning over overwhelming odds. . . . A wound healed at the dispensary, food given to a starving family, dark eyes brightening over the story of the Christ Child born in the manger in Bethlehem. They asked for that story now, *"Yeh-su Sheng-than,"* they said, meaning Jesus' Holy Birth. The priest smiled to himself thinking of their bubbly greetings on Christmas Day. . . . *"Gung-shi . . . Gung-shi"*—meaning, "Isn't it wonderful, it's a great day, a Merry Christmas to you!"

As he drove along Sunset Boulevard that warm sunny December afternoon, the bespectacled, cherub-faced Irish priest determined again that the good work must go on and again asked himself how he could better make this country see the distress that existed there. Somehow he must find his way to our hearts.

The air was heavy with orange blossoms. Christmas poinsettias spread scarlet splendor as far as the eye could see.

Hanyang and his beloved mission, 400 miles up the Yangtze River . . . all the ignorance, destitution and famine—and the Japanese massing at the border—seemed very far away.

As he stopped the jalopy in front of the Paramount Studios where Bing Crosby had his offices then, (*Continued on page* 96)

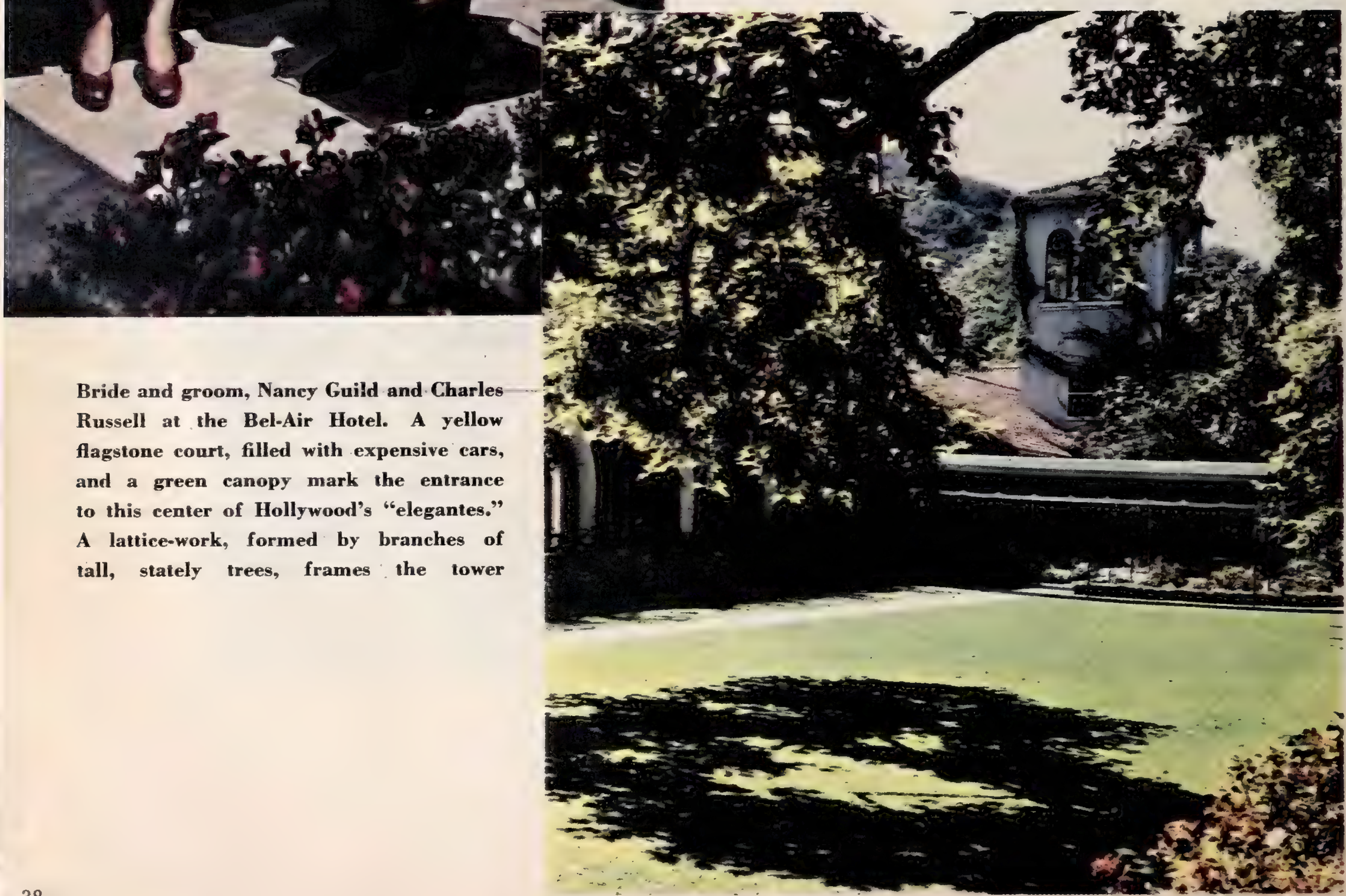
Bing Crosby, whose "Silent Night" echoes 'round the world

Honeymoon

YOU'RE on Stone Canyon Drive, in the ultra section of Bel-Air, just beyond Cary Grant's Normandy house and Greer Garson's English dwelling. The country is wooded and hilly. Bel-Air used to be a wild bridle path. And the Bel-Air Hotel, unique because of its tropical landscaping and distinctive architecture, although opened in 1944, was completed only this year.

With our young honeymooners, Nancy Guild and Charles Russell, we cross a stone bridge over a brook bordered by flowering eucalyptus and hibiscus and register at a long pink stucco building. The other buildings are detached yet linked by gorgeous plants. The dining room, built around a tall gray sycamore banked with ferns, boasts a huge fireplace in which burn enormous logs. At night, the hotel is at its dreamiest. Hidden flower-shaped lights throw lacy shadows on the walls.

Recommended for honeymoons: Bel-Air Hotel.



Bride and groom, Nancy Guild and Charles Russell at the Bel-Air Hotel. A yellow flagstone court, filled with expensive cars, and a green canopy mark the entrance to this center of Hollywood's "elegantes." A lattice-work, formed by branches of tall, stately trees, frames the tower

Hotel

Join your Hollywood Tour through famed Bel-Air Hotel where life's at its dreamiest and enchanted hours pass all too soon

Photographs by Fink and Smith

No numbered halls or numbered doors here. Each room has a private entrance, is furnished comfortably with smart simplicity. The accent is on living in the sun in the tropical, fragrant setting of the . . .

. . . great oval-shaped pool, with loungeable couches on all sides and gay cabanas, which invites you to swim—or just sit and dream as do Nancy and Charles on this honeymoon weekend

Time out for Laughter

BY KAY CAMPBELL

Engstead

Time out for a Bergman grin at entrance to "Arch of Triumph" lot

SILHOUETTED against the California dusk, a maid in shining armor rides the crest of the hills. In the stretching shadows the animal beneath her seems more like a mediaeval beast than a horse.

Residents of the upper Beverly Hills colony do a double-take over their before-dinner cocktails. They think they are seeing things. And they are—they are seeing a dream realized. For Ingrid Bergman, in a coat of mail, has been riding an immense percheron, the farm horse of the 15th Century, in order to accustom herself to the rigidity of the metal she wears in "Joan of Lorraine."

It has always been Ingrid's dream to play "Joan of Arc." Even as a child she pored through books on the subject of her favorite heroine with the result that today she is an authority on the life of the Maid of Orleans.

In fact, it was an unwritten agreement between her and David O. Selznick that someday he would cast her as Joan, which lured her to this country in the first place. That understanding was never fulfilled, which is probably just as well, for now Ingrid is half-owner (*Continued on page* 106)

It must be good: Sidney Kingsley, writer, and Ingrid at Mocambo

Ingrid takes the Hollywood hurdles with humor and meets life on her own terms

100% COTTEN

He wears life like his old tweed coat, with a debonair charm and cosmopolitan air

BY ELSA MAXWELL

JOE COTTEN always reminds me of Joe Cotten. I know of no other man who could be supported by his bride without losing her respect or his self-respect, or both. But Joe managed this. You've heard, of course, how he and Lenore met. Serving his acting apprenticeship with the Miami Civic Theater, Joe was cast in a role that required him to play the piano. And he couldn't play the piano. So backstage, Lenore—Lenore Kipp then—played the exquisite music that the audience believed Joe played onstage.

It didn't take them long to discover they were meant for each other. I'm literal, not sentimental, when I say that. For still, over fifteen years later, they are inseparable and indissoluble. To speak of one without the other would never occur to me.

For a long time Joe's career was, to say the least, uncertain. Sometimes he worked and sometimes he didn't. Lenore, on the other hand, had the steady income of an editor of Harper's Bazaar.

Joe never liked this set-up but he managed to be civilized about it most of the time. It was only when some disappointment grimmer than others came along that he let off masculine steam, that he expostulated, as he did one day: "My God, Lenore, I can't live on you forever!"

Upon such occasions, Lenore, bless her, always was magnificently casual. "Darling," she would say, "don't worry! You're going to be so rich you won't even mind when I come to you for a new diamond necklace.

"We're partners, Joe," she would go on, not too seriously. "I'm not unselfish or noble or (*Continued on page* 95)

A tennis enthusiast, Joe relaxes between sets on the famed Cotten tennis courts

High percentage in tweeds: Joseph Cotten of "Portrait of Jennie"

Miehle

Joe and Lenore enjoy good cooking —are noted for their dinner parties

A Christmas Prayer

How close the narrow circle of embrace
Can hold a world of love, made manifest
In starfish hands, and flower-textured face,
In rosy flesh, by innocency blest,
By nature, vulnerable; the child, at birth,
A legatee of joy and grief and pain,
Also inherits wonder; and the earth
Aware, in patience, of both sun and rain.
Therefore, oh Child, who once from Mary's breast
Smiled to see dawn, and did not fear the night,
Christchild and Saviour, grant our Christmas prayer,
Give to all mothers, wisdom; dwell, as Guest
Within our homes; and shelter, in Thy Light,
All little children, always, everywhere.

FAITH BALDWIN

Engstead

Love encircled—Jeanne Crain Brinkman and baby Paul, inspiration for Faith Baldwin's prayer

Photoplay's reporter takes a hard-boiled point of view of the recent

BY SHEILAH

Can This

Romantic interlude: Mark Stevens and Hedy Lamarr. She's in "Dishonored Lady"

AUGUST 1946, the happily married Mark and Annelle Stevens . . . September 1947, the happily romantic pair, Mark Stevens and Hedy Lamarr . . .

October 1947, the unexpectedly reunited Stevenses . . .

And by the time you read this who knows? For the Mark Stevens marriage, I'm afraid, is too typical of recent Hollywood unions.

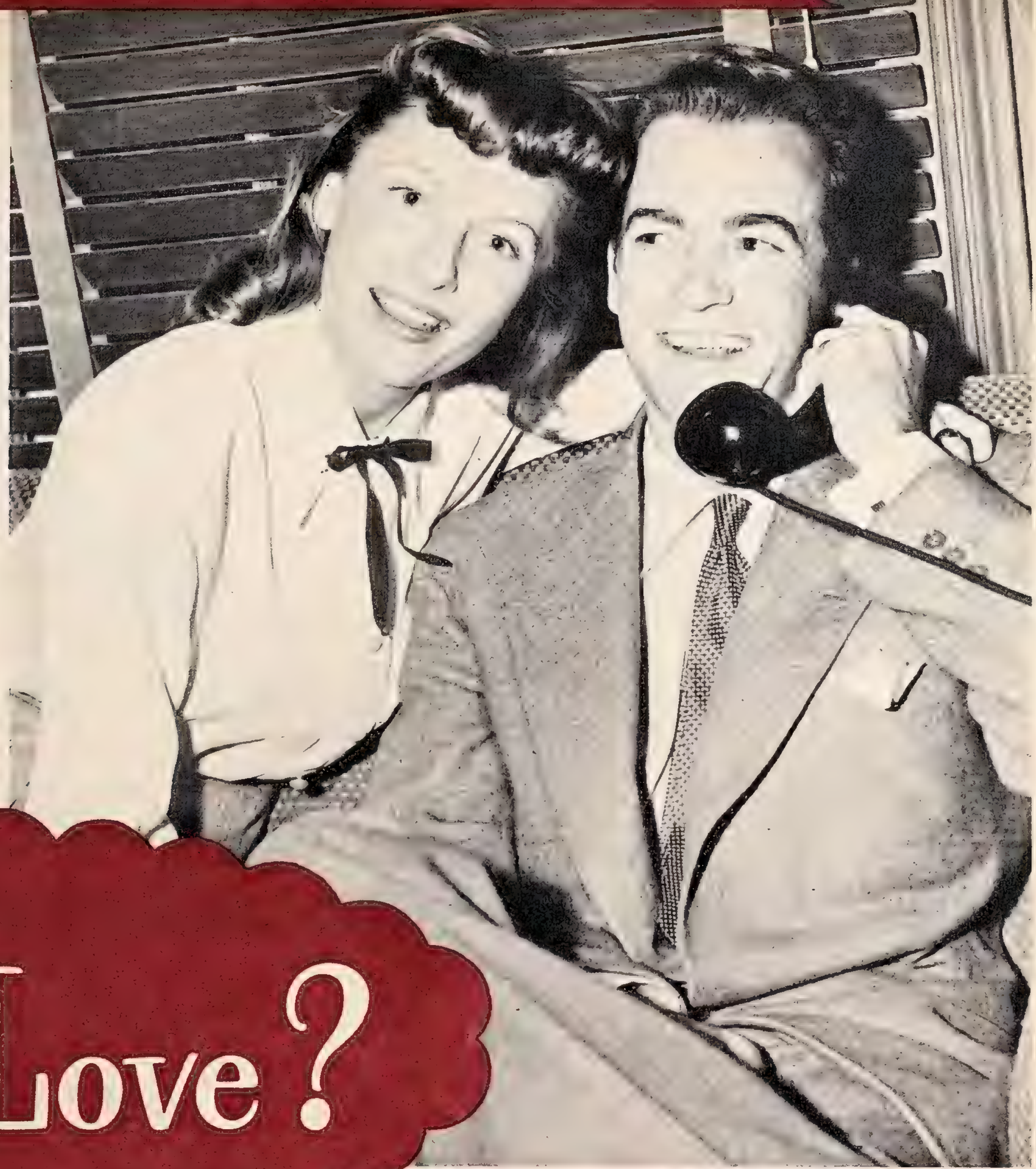
How emotionally unstable can you be, this reporter of the Hollywood scene asks herself, recalling that only three days before Mark and Annelle announced that they had reconciled Hedy Lamarr was decorating a small apartment in which Mark had set up bachelor's quarters.

Mark and Hedy fell in love, you'll remember—or so they said—just

Stevens-Lamarr romantic capers, newest Hollywood question mark

GRAHAM

Be Love?



Reconciliation: Mark, of "The Snake Pit," is back home with Annelle

four days after Mark broke up with his wife and just six weeks after Hedy had brought her divorce suit against her husband John Loder.

I don't know how soon Mark telephoned Hedy for a date after he moved out of his home with Annelle, but I believe it was within forty-eight hours. And within two weeks after leaving Annelle, Mark was flying with clockwork regularity to visit Hedy at Lake Tahoe where her doctor had sent her to regain her shattered health. He flew four times in four weeks, although each trip he could only stay one day, Sunday. Because he was working with Olivia de Havilland (as her husband) in "The Snake Pit" at the time, Mark made the long plane journey to Hedy late Saturday night, returning on Sunday evening to be ready to report for work Monday morning (*Continued on page* 101)

PARTIES I CAN'T FORGET

They keep coming back when he least expects them so this restless reporter tosses away the sleeping pills and tells all!

BY EARL WILSON

Drawings by Van

Spiciest gossip appetizer in town: The night that Mr. Atwater Kent dined alone!

IN HOLLYWOOD, the land of milk and honey, the town where men are men and women are padding, all the memorable events occur at parties. And, by memorable events I of course mean fights. Yet I've never seen anybody so much as raise his dukes at a Hollywood brawl.

A Hollywood party isn't like a party anywhere else. One of the most brilliant that the Beautiful Wife and I galloped off to was given by Atwater Kent, the enormously popular old geezer who used to make radios in Philadelphia. In one month Mr. Kent may give six, seven or eight parties. One person laughingly said, "I haven't attended the last twenty." But everybody has a good time and enjoys the hospitality as the wine and food are called. The first party at Kent's I attended was exclusive—only 150 guests.

As soon as you get inside the door (which is not too easy in case you have been to a Hollywood cocktail party just before) a waiter sticks a champagne glass in your hand. Just to be polite you take a drink out of it. The waiter fills it up and you take another drink—you have to be well-mannered at a time like this—and this goes on for some time. This can get very dangerous, especially for poor Mr. Kent's furniture.

Larry Adler's gift to his host had an ancient wheeze

A blonde with bounce: Unwelcome guests find Sonja Henie irresistible

Good old Mr. Kent is so party conscious that recently he was embarrassed when a guy came up and said: "I heard something uncomplimentary about you."

"Heavens, what was it?"

"I don't like to repeat. It's only hearsay."

"Out with it," said Mr. Kent.

"Well," stammered the guy, "I heard that one night last week you had dinner . . . alone!"

Mr. Kent hung his head, and hollowly said, "It's true . . . but please don't ever mention it."

A thing like that could ruin him socially.

Well, about eight champagnes after we got there, we all sat down and ate the most wonderful dinner we'd ever had, which we wished we could have seen, only we couldn't, on account of the champagne. Then there started a beautiful evening of entertainment, with Edgar Bergen sitting on Charlie McCarthy's knee . . . excuse me, that's the way it looked to me at the time.

"Charlie, we have here the cream of society," Bergen said.

"Did you say scream of society?" said Charlie.

"No, cream of society."

"Hasn't it curdled in spots?" said Charlie.

"But cream always (*Continued on page* 110)

One columnist found a way to get around a difficult situation

Be a Christmas

THIS article is a plot, frankly—a plot designed to make you a "Christmas Belle."

All that is necessary to sketch in the background of this plot is a thoughtful you. Cost is less important than thoughtfulness. Remember, thoughtlessness can be a very expensive thing when you try haphazardly to fill a generous impulse just before stores close on Christmas Eve.

Start by minutely planning your Christmas list, your parties and your appearance. Self-discipline should be the keynote of this planning. Begin right now by shaping up your Christmas list with things carefully chosen, which your friends really want and can use.

If you know how to knit, crochet, or sew, now is the time to put your needles and your originality to work. Why not make a stole of diamond-shaped design for a pretty young girl who could use it?

Loretta Young this year took (*Continued on page* 99)

Morris

Loretta Young has a bright idea for sleepy-time glamour—you'll find it here

Janis Carter has a different way—of saying hello on Christmas Day

Illustrations by Claire McCanna

Belle

Little girls will spoil their looks if they dress up like Hazel Brooks

Joan Crawford has no Yuletide fear. She's at the listening post all year!

Ring out the old ideas, ring in the new, with some Yuletide tips for your friends and you

BY ANITA COLBY

Photoplay's Beauty Editor

I Was There

BY HYMIE FINK

RITA HAYWORTH and Victor Mature—what a combination for a Hollywood photographer. That was something we boys never thought we'd see again. Especially since we knew how Vic felt when Rita broke off with him during the war, while he was on North Atlantic Patrol, to marry Orson Welles. Many of us thought Vic had never been able to forget her.

I'd heard from a fan at Ciro's that they were having dinner at the Chanteclair, so me and my camera hot-footed it over. And there they were—in deep conversation. It was the first time I'd seen Rita since she returned from Europe—and she looked beautiful! I told her so too. (What guy wouldn't?) She's letting her hair grow and it's now in a long bob. I liked it and I told her that I did. "I'm awfully glad, Hymie, because otherwise I'd feel badly about it," Rita joked. She said she and Vic were on the town doing the night spots "just like old times." Seems Vic had to leave the next morning at seven for Kanab, Utah, where his picture "Ballad of Furnace Creek" is being filmed. This was his only chance to see Rita for some time.

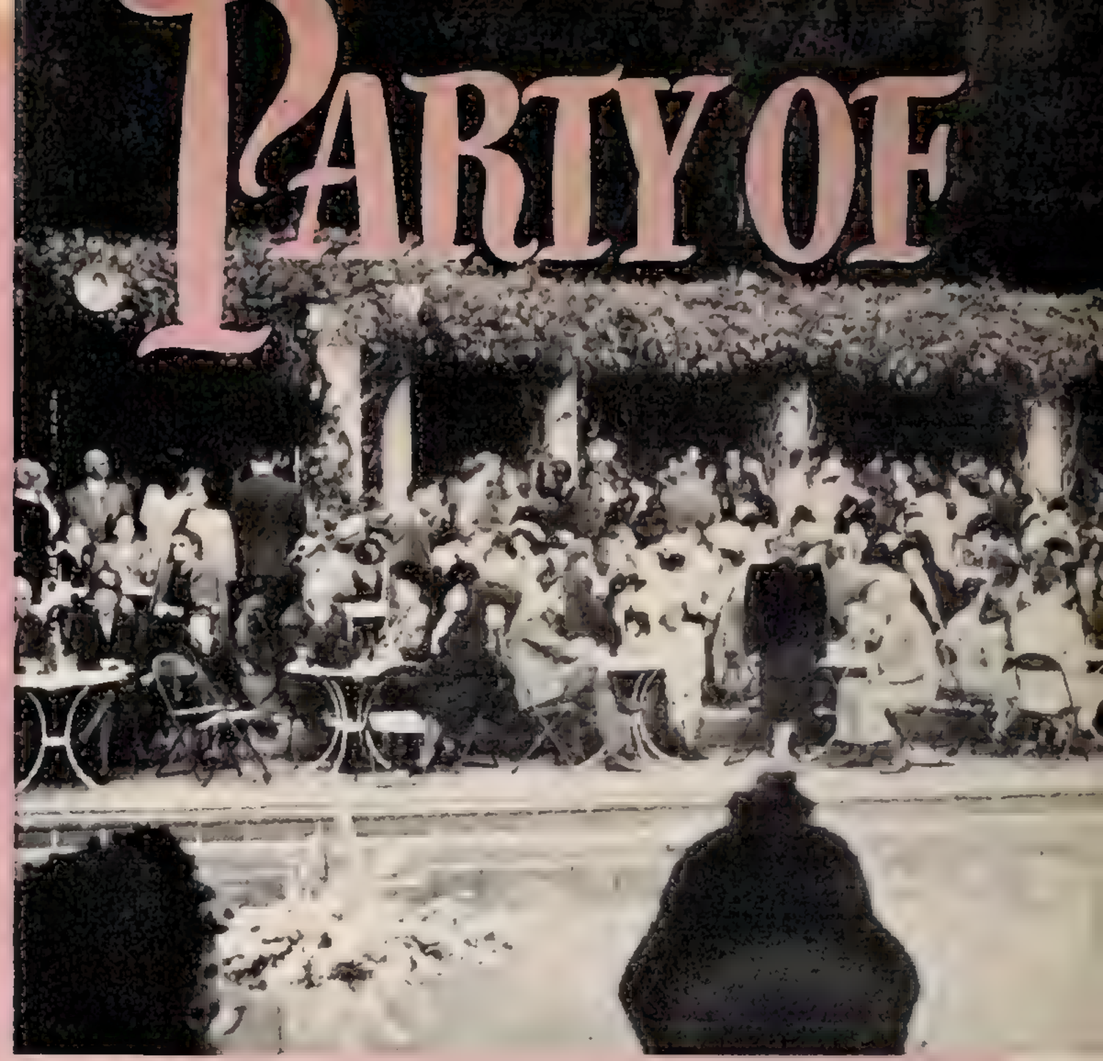
Just then the violinist came over to the table and asked them what they'd like him to play. They settled for a Strauss waltz and that was my last look—Rita and Vic, soft candlelight and sweet music.

For Rita Hayworth and Victor Mature the muted strains of a Strauss waltz, recalling the past

It happened one eventful night when a chance remark led Photoplay's photographer to a candle-lit corner where two people were meeting again, just like old times

PARTY OF

Who'll buy my wares? Claudette Colbert and William Goetz couldn't resist Jennifer Jones's selling appeal

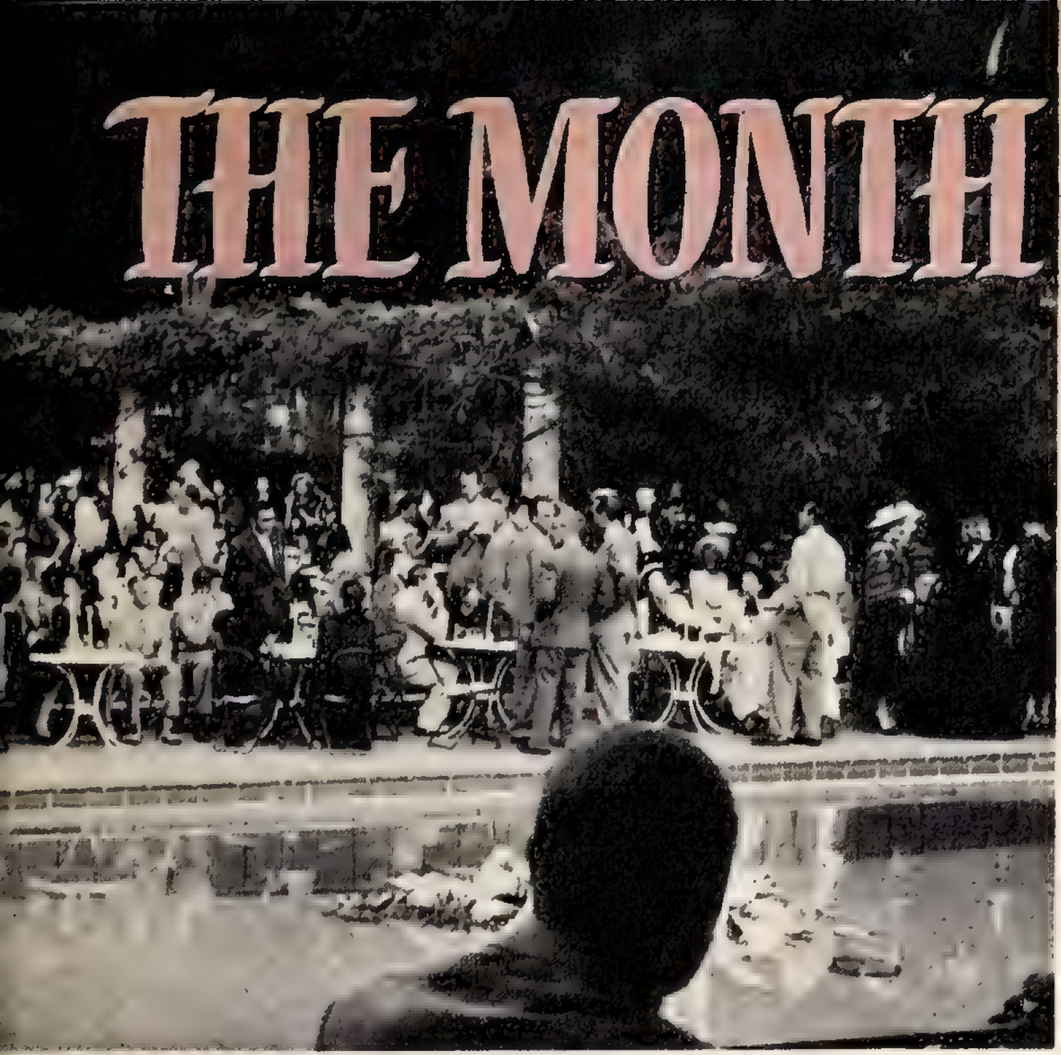


Going, going, gone! Gowns, hats, fabulous as stars met in gay competition

Laraine Day and Leo Durocher were among guests who watched m.c. George Murphy present star entertainment at the event

Auction, run by Mrs. Travis Banton for visually handicapped children, was held on Harold Lloyd's estate

THE MONTH

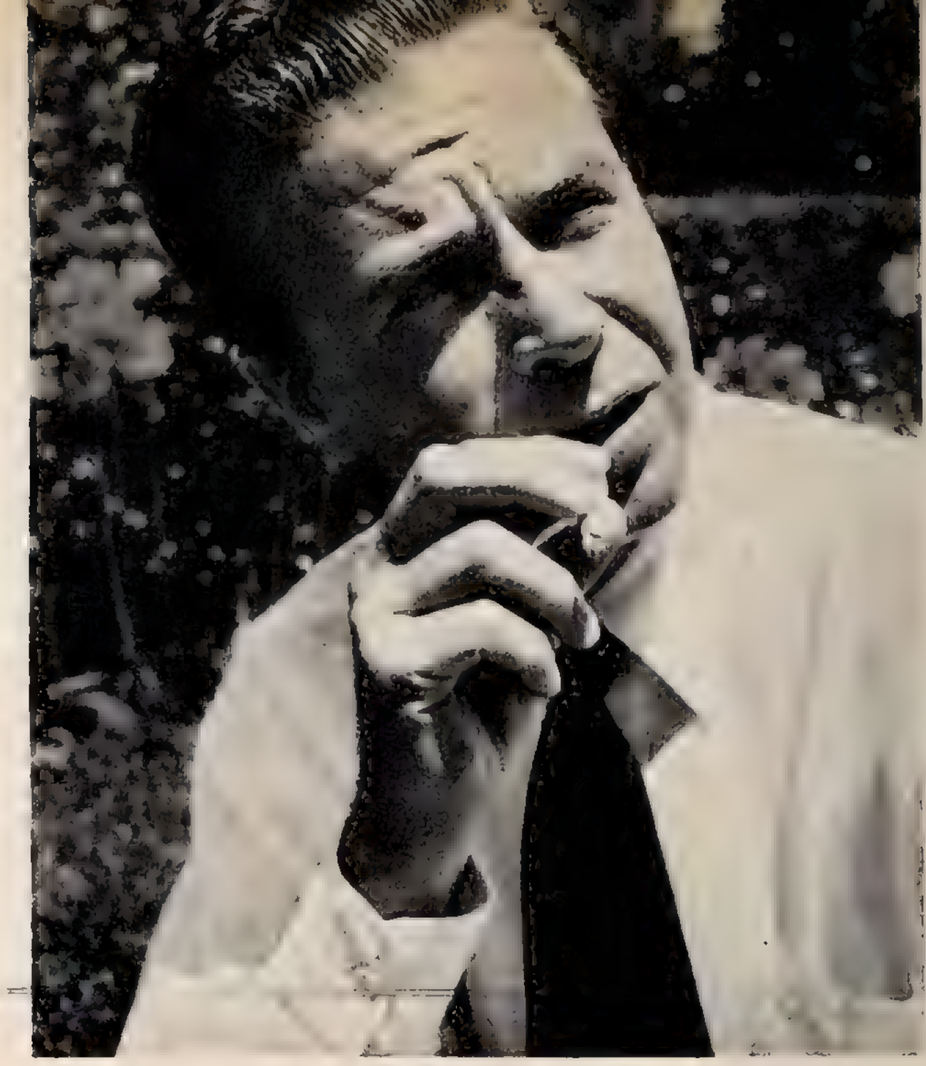


jewels auctioned to the highest bidder at lavish children's benefit

Super strip-tease: It began when auctioneer Harry Crocker sold evening dress worn by Esther Williams

Esther immediately delivered, revealing a gold swim suit . . .

. . . which fetched $350.00 for the cause. Delivery, needless to say, was not made on the spot!



Dick, of "Assigned to Treasury," has set a new course for his future!

Up to the minute: Dick, an enthusiastic sailor, sets the clock ahead for an early rising but. . . .

D.P.

June has other plans! She's much more enthusiastic about sleeping

LATELY, Dick Powell has been haunting the docks in San Diego and Balboa. He's looking for another sailboat. This time he'd like one which is bosomy and comfortable about the waist. One which won't lift her skirts and go dancing across the sea like a hussy, but will wallow a bit and probably shake her bustle as she waddles out of a long trough—one, above all, that June will enjoy and trust.

"That ship, that Santana," Dick still murmurs, talking of his erstwhile ocean-going sailboat. "Oh, she was a lady. But she was dangerous. That's why June didn't trust her. For, like many beautiful ladies, she was skittish, she was temperamental. You couldn't take your eye off her for an instant. June has to

Hard-working Dick still finds time for a spot of fun!

That's Dick Powell, who acquired a new outlook instead of a large waistline and proved a detour can lead straight to success

be around things and people she believes in."

June Allyson's complete distrust of the Santana began one day returning from Catalina when a brisk, slatting breeze behind sent them through the green combers with their bow buried and their rail awash.

"Every time the Santana rode a big one out," Dick says, "she shook herself like a wet spaniel and got set for another. I was at the wheel and June was crouched behind a companionway trying to keep one square inch of her clothing dry. I howled with a kind of insane delight —which comes over people who like sweet-going sailboats. June thought I'd gone suddenly nuts."

"There's (*Continued on page* 92)

June came along at just the right time to be the cornerstone in Dick's new life

BY HYATT DOWNING

LINES ON LON

McCallister by name—young enough to be intrigued

by life, old enough to be intriguing

BY BEN MADDOX

No Hollywood front for McCallister

LON McCALLISTER called for Ann Blyth at half-past five, in his opinion the best time for a date to start on fine evenings. They drove leisurely towards the Pacific, responding silently to the sunset as they wound through the hills between Hollywood and the ocean. He mixed in romantic music from his car radio. He used to drive too fast, but Ann's cured him of that. Besides, less zipping through traffic lets him hold her hand comfortably. Strolling to the end of the pier at Malibu Beach they watched row after row of waves pour in below them. Any girl Lon likes must savor the sea. Suddenly hungry, they hurried into the Tail o' the Cock, his favorite restaurant that's perched above the pounding (*Continued on page* 103)

Any girl he likes must savor the sea

Marriage is a hurdle he won't tackle—yet

Naturally nice: Lon McCallister, star of "Thunder in the Valley"

Fink

LIFE WITH MY FATHER

Powell Sr. and Powell Jr., who thought his father glamorous at seven — still does at twenty-two

He clings to an old bathrobe and a hat he bought in 1912. He loves big words and uses them exactly. He's definitely Junior's favorite Pop

BY BILL POWELL, JR.

WHENEVER I am asked if I have ever been to Venice, I make the questioner decide the answer for himself. Here are the facts.

You see in 1924 my father, William Powell, and my mother, Eileen Wilson Powell, had agreed to disagree. They had not gone to the point of getting a divorce, but a parting of the ways was decided upon. Unknown to one another (both being romantic) they decided to go to the same place to forget—Italy. They ran into each other in Venice. It was midsummer. A full Italian moon was riding the skies—music floated up from the gondolas gliding along the Grand Canal. I made my debut in 1925.

My first boyish awareness of my father was in 1929, when he had come back from Paris. (In spite of Venice, my arrival had worked no miracles. Shortly after my birth, father and mother were legally separated, although they remained good friends.) What a glamour parent Father seemed to me then! (*Continued on page* 80)

Father's **favorite sport—sitting in the sun**

"Mousie" plays a mean game of tennis — taught husband Bill Powell a wicked samba

Off to the christening! Hilarious scene from Warner's "Life with Father." William Powell as *Father* has been raising chuckles and S. R. O. signs

"UNCONQUERED"

Hollywood shakes history out of its doldrums with frontier America the stage, Cecil B. DeMille the lavish producer and the heroine a beautiful bond slave

In the early frontier period of America men or women white slaves were sold for about fifty dollars. Convicted of murder complicity, *Abby Hale* (Paulette Goddard) has been sentenced to servitude in this country

Capt. Holden **(Gary Cooper) buys *Abby* but she is tricked into believing *Garth* (Howard Da Silva), trader and traitor, owns her. Against a background of massacre and horror they battle for love of this English bond slave**

Capt. Holden's **trek through Indian country has authentic background. Location units traveled 5000 miles—spent 8 weeks in Pennsylvania forests**

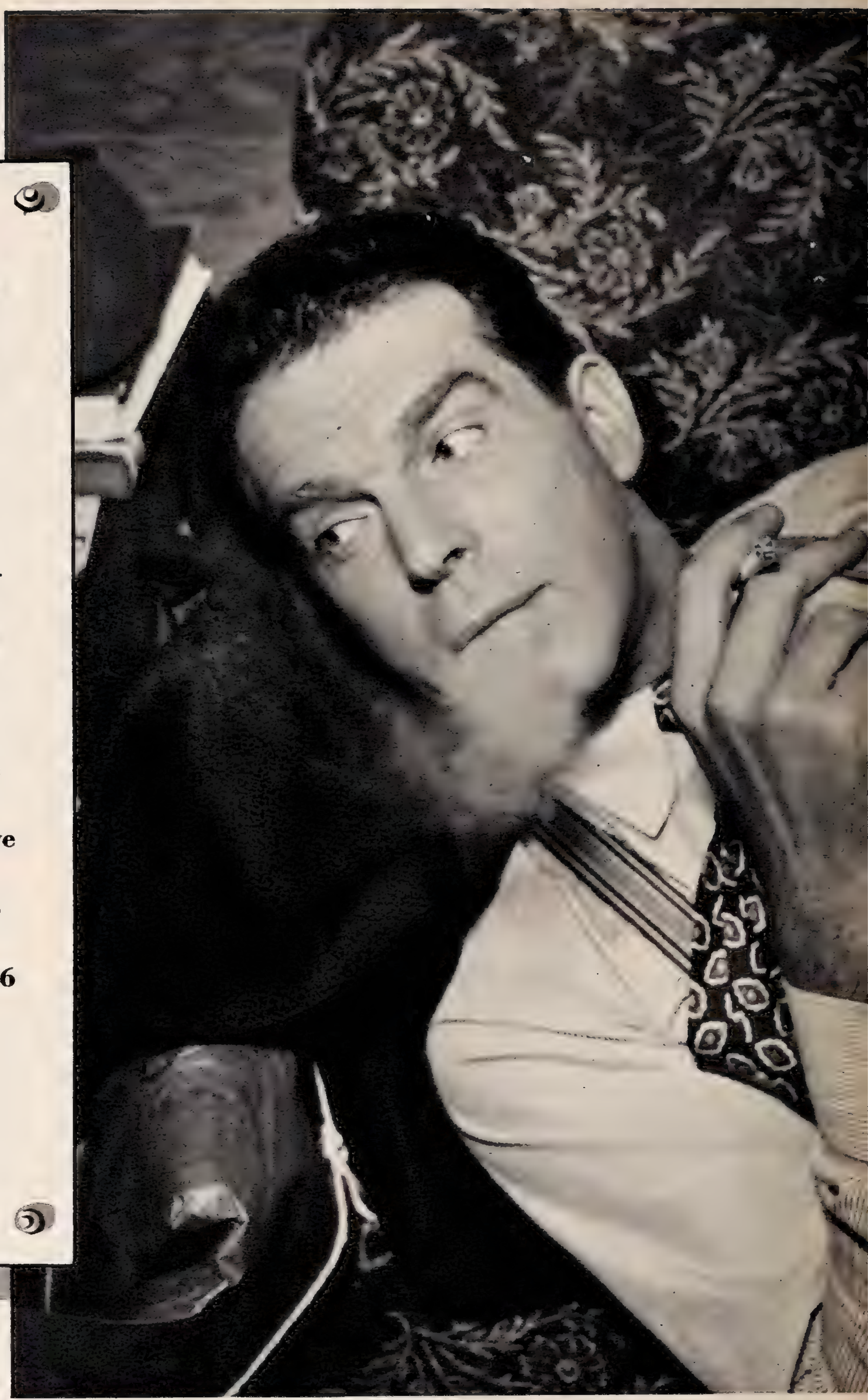
A scandal is created when *Capt. Holden* takes *Abby* to the King's Ball in the frontier post, Ft. Pitt—one day to become a steel empire, Pittsburgh!

Torment and destruction spreading across the frontier bring *Abby* to the torture stake and *Holden* through the agony of the historic ninety-day siege of Ft. Pitt

LAZIEST MAN IN TOWN

He prefers the hammock to the hoe but Fred MacMurray must have swung both to be one of Hollywood's highest paid actors in 1946

By Herb Howe



Beaver Dam Bud in characteristic repose on set of "Miracle of the Bells"

Mr. MacMurray avoids tiresome words in favor of the half-inch nod

In Hollywood they call them ranches, back in Wisconsin they call them farms.
Farmer MacMurray, his missus, their two sprouts, Robert and Susan

THE man who earned one of the highest salaries paid for acting or anything else last year is a monument to our great Midwest, rising six-feet-three in air from pedestals size twelve. In Beaver Dam, Wisconsin, they call him Bud.

Most men are like trolley cars running contentedly on their rails, Somerset Maugham observes, but now and then you are fascinated by a sprightly flivver that darts in and out of traffic and speeds jauntily across country.

Beaver Dam Bud was a hot rod.

There was a time, after coming to Hollywood, when Bud hid out by day in a woman's apartment and baked pies to relieve his tension. Under influence of pie the woman married him. He has baked only one pie since but continues to hold her. He taught her to cook.

This colossus of the dramatic and domestic arts is grandson of a Presbyterian evangelist. The Rev. MacMurray must have depended upon free-will offerings for his livelihood but his take was nothing like Bud's. Our free-will offering last year to Beaver Dam Bud, now revered as Mr. Fred MacMurray by the United States Treasurer, amounted to $203,525.66.

"Mind the sixty-six cents," says Mr. MacMurray, of Scottish descent.

What, you ask, (*Continued on page* 84)

FASHION

THE stylists and garment-makers are begging Hollywood to take a firm stand in the matter of the extreme fashion changes and tell the world what film stars will or will not wear on the screen these coming months. Obviously, a lot of manufacturers feel there's no use making the type of things that Hollywood glamour-pusses won't wear and consequently gals across the nation won't buy.

Well, they really ought to talk to some of the Hollywood glamour-boys! I haven't met up with one yet who liked any of the changes, and certainly not the *extreme* ones. And as for the padded hips, the rounded shoulders, the long day-time droops, Clark Gable says, "Pretty soon *every* girl will be a blind date!"

But, as we leap about we note that most of the Hollywood belles at this point are not going to extremes. Take Joan Crawford, for instance. I've seen her in ballet-length cocktail and evening dresses (the one she wore to the Darryl Zanucks' party for Gen. Montgomery was a dream of white net—yards and yards gathered to a tiny, corseted waist—the bodice of which was heart- (*Continued on page* 108)

Ava Gardner's satin evening dress shows its Edwardian influence in the draped hip line and boned bodice. Ava is in "Singapore"

Carpenter

REFLECTIONS

There's a festive air to the Hollywood scene as the old blends with the new in gay patterns of fun

BY EDITH GWYNN

Photoplay's Reporter-about-town

Black magic: Dorothy McGuire's evening dress by Kay Nelson, with deep round neckline and tiny buttons parading down the back to the corselet waistband. Dorothy stars in "Gentleman's Agreement"

Powolny

TINSEL 'ROUND

Joan Caulfield of "Welcome Stranger"

CHRISTMAS is really my favorite holiday because of the opportunity it offers one to relive the joyous, familiar incidents of past years. Yuletide magic, compounded of warmth, gayety, charity and generosity, rest deeply in the hearts of everyone during this season.

To me, especially it is a "home holiday." Being an Easterner, I'm fond of a "White Christmas." And, when December arrives in Hollywood, Mother and I busy ourselves arranging our return to New York, where Dad and my sisters, Betty and Mary, are living.

Our family are basically sentimentalists and we go all-out for tradition. Milk-and-brandy punch for the familiar Christmas Eve toasts—church on Christmas morning for the familiar prayers—dinner with the old-fashioned trimmings and, as a natural result, the stuffed feeling that follows.

Some families open their gifts on Christmas Eve. Our own custom is to wait until morning, perhaps merely to heighten the suspense. Pile 'em under the tree, and no one cares if one can't sleep for curiosity.

Then the exciting, shared joy of trimming the tree. I confess I'm the careless type of trimmer, but Mary, Betty and Mom, however, are the meticulous type, hanging each gold and silver ball and each string of tinsel with calculated artistry. Luckily, the general over-all effect has never depended on my usually (*Continued on page* 70)

MY FINGER

And chimes in her heart, reminding her of Christmas past, Christmas present and Christmas yet to come

PHOTOPLAY **BY JOAN CAULFIELD**

As told to Dorothy Deere

Cover Girl

Love at first sight for Joan and David

Christmas is a "home" holiday to Mom and Joan

Three sisters: Joan, Betty and Mary—with Joan's dog Buttons

TINSEL 'ROUND MY FINGER

(*Continued from page* 68) impatient efforts which consist of tossing a handful of something shiny and then hoping it has landed in the proper place.

Opening the dusty boxes of ornaments and lights each year is akin to opening a memory book. One finds the silver star that's probably older than I. Something would go wrong with my holiday world if that particular star wasn't twinkling on top of the tree. And there's the wax angel with the gauzy skirt. She made her debut on the same tree that sheltered the most exciting gift I ever received—my first wrist watch.

As most of us do, I like lots of small gifts, and all of them surprises—rather than one big and oh-so-final present. However, in my gifts, I try to include one gay, mad thing that the recipients wouldn't think of buying for themselves. By wrapping the presents with colorful paper and ribbons I manage to give to all packages a measure of mystery and excitement.

UNTIL the present time I've liked to spend Christmas afternoon alone with my sisters and parents.

"Until the present time," I say, because this year I find myself with the luck to be able to give some pleasure to others just by offering some of the time that used to belong entirely to me. If I may, I should like to explain this by citing a recent incident.

It was shortly after finishing "Welcome Stranger," with Bing Crosby and Barry Fitzgerald, that I made a personal appearance trip. One night, after the theater, I was eating in a small, midwestern restaurant. Timidly, a waitress asked me to sign an autograph book. It was for her daughter, a girl about my age, slowly dying of tuberculosis of the bone. Bedridden since she was fourteen, this girl had given herself a college education. After hearing the story I asked the waitress whether I could visit her daughter. She said we could and after she had finished work we left for the hospital.

I can still see that girl's eyes as I stepped through the door of the ward. She had never seen me on the screen. But I came from Hollywood, and apparently she felt I brought with me some of the movie magic from the pictures she hadn't been able to see for five years. Moreover, I had talked with—even worked with—Bing Crosby and Bob Hope. What were they like in real life? Were they as happy-go-lucky off screen as on?

She was holding my hand while we talked and when I was about to leave, she let go of my fingers, one by one. And as I left the ward I'll always remember her face and the other faces and eyes strained after me all the way to the door. Those patients didn't know where I came from—just the coming of *any* visitor was a break in the terrible monotony.

Remembering these things, I'll make it a point to see that a good part of my holiday this year will be spent visiting hospitals, Veterans' homes, or orphanages and taking them simple gifts. It seems so little to do for those less fortunate.

Another opportunity for added joy for those of us who spend Christmas in this country is the realization that we can do something to make Christmas a little happier and less dreary for those overseas. For my overseas gifts I hope to purchase those wonderful little articles that cost us so little and still mean so much. I read the newspaper ads and when I notice a sale on cosmetics, for instance, I'll buy them. I'll undoubtedly have a wonderful time visualizing the European girls opening the lipsticks and scented soaps—frivolities they haven't been able to buy for years.

No doubt about it, the way to get the most out of the holiday is to give, and not only to receive. It seems to me that in this way, we absorb so much more of the good Christmas spirit.

It may sound a little silly but it would be wonderful if one would mentally tie a string of tinsel around one's finger as a reminder that the good things of life remain forever.

Christmas and the Christmas spirit could conceivably be 365 days a year.

THE END

Photoplay Fashions

Adele Whitely Fletcher	*Director*
Peggy Thorndike	*Fashion Editor*
Jack Force Jr.	*Fashion Art Director*
Gerry Southmayd	*Fashion Service Manager*
Ben Studios	*Photographers*
John Engstead	*West Coast Photographer*

This striped taffeta by Dartford Deb has the new longer skirt and the newer minute waist. Sizes 9—15. About $20.00 at Russek's, New York and The May Co., Los Angeles, Cal.

(For other stores in your vicinity see page 89)

Gail Russell has a special young appealing charm. Watch for her in Paramount's "The Night Has a Thousand Eyes"

Joyeux Noël

For dances at Christmas—and

through the New Year

Lovely Beverly Tyler of Metro's younger set

A ballerina evening dress with the fullest skirt and tiniest waist ever. A Fred Perlberg original in bright danceable taffeta. Sizes 9—15 and 10—16. $25.00. At Wm. Filene's Sons Co., Boston, Mass., and Hutzler Bros., Baltimore, Md. ***(For store in your vicinity where these dresses are available see page 89)***

You'll dance the night and his heart away in this chiffon dress designed by Nite Club. Comes in bright and pastel shades. Sizes 10—16. $29.95. At Abraham & Straus, Brooklyn, N. Y., and Wm. Taylor Son & Co., Cleveland, O.

PHOTOPLAY'S PATTERN OF THE MONTH

The dress Travis Banton designed for Joan Bennett in "Secret Beyond the Door"

Make this dress, wear this dress, for loveliness and glamour. It has the new longer length, soft shoulder line and easy grace you love. Make it of Lucia martinized velvet for dress-up-dates. In Mystilon which is an all nylon sheer and comes in soft pastel shades, which would be lovely for weddings or dances. And it would be so wearable now, under furs, made of a jersey screened print. Concordia-Gallia fabrics.

More fashions on page 87
For other views of pattern see page 89

Photoplay Patterns,
205 East 42nd Street,
New York 17, New York

Enclosed find thirty-five cents ($.35) for which please send me the Photoplay Pattern of the Joan Bennett-"Secret Beyond the Door" dress in size (Circle size you wish)

12 14 16 18 20

My name and address is:

Name .....

Street .....

City ..... State .....

Jane Powell who is in "The Birds and the Bees"

Beauty Spots

By MARY JANE FULTON

Cosmetics for Christmas

Pretty teen-ager JANE POWELL is giving her family and relatives cosmetics for Christmas. Crazy about them herself, her theory is that those to whom she gives such glamorous gifts should be as delighted to receive them as she would be.

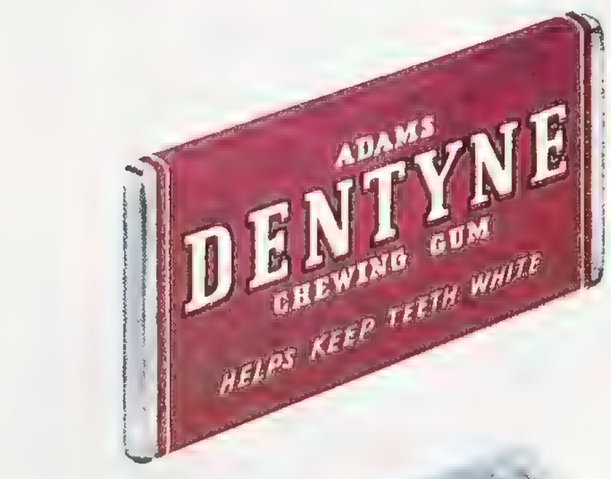
Here's Jane's List

For her mother, Mrs. Eileen Burce, she's getting a make-up kit. Every time Jane, whose real name is Suzanne Burce (she also answers to her two nicknames, "Hep" and "Bert"), pauses at a cosmetic counter, she admires the make-up kits displayed. Some, no larger than pocketbooks, can be used as one when the cosmetics are taken out. Then there are the kind which, when the tray is removed, make pretty jewelry cases; or, if large enough, overnight bags. She's looked at the expensive as well as the budget-priced ones. Like every Christmas shopper, Jane has the budget problem, too . . . Her grandmother, Mrs. Charles Baker, of Portland, Oregon, loves perfume. So Jane will give her a bottle of her favorite scent.

Cousins are Included

For her twenty-two-year-old cousin, Barbara Carlson, of Beverly Hills, Jane is getting cologne and either sachet powder (it's really dry perfume) or novelty sachet bags. They're nice to scatter among lingerie or to tie to dress hangers. She might, if her budget permits, also buy Barbara an attractive purse-size perfume dispenser. They're so reasonably priced . . . Billy Ann Baker, another cousin, lives in Tacoma, Washington. She's eighteen and has lots of dates. Like all young girls, she's always trying new lipsticks. So Billy Ann is slated for a set of three or more of the newest shades, so she can have a regular lip-color bar . . . Her other Baker cousins, Shirley, twelve, and Nancy, seven, also live in Tacoma. She knows they'll squeal with joy over a set each of one of the combination bath sets, containing two or more of these lovely items: Perfumed soap, bubble bath, bath powder, talcum, bath salts, cologne, or toilet water . . . Jane plans to give her male relatives something nice in men's toiletries . . . She hopes that you'll get some ideas from her gift list for yours. She joins me in wishing you all a Merry Christmas!

Like a melody,
Dentyne's flavor lingers on . . .



Clean-tasting! Deliciously different! Dentyne Chewing Gum—*it's keen chewing gum!*

But there's more to Dentyne than refreshing, long-lasting flavor! Dentyne's firm, chewy texture helps keep teeth sparkling, too!

Make your next pack of chewing gum Dentyne. Enjoy the really satisfying result of 75 years of Adams know-how. And for variety, try the other delicious Adams quality gums . . . always—

buy gum by Adams

Reg. Trade Marks

All-Aboard!

You shall have beauty wherever you go!

Débutante

"All-Aboard" travel kit

GOING AWAY? "All-Aboard" holds just the beauty aids you need to arrive refreshed, radiant, fragrant. And this soft blue washable plastic kit is so air-light, so compact, it tucks away in a suitcase corner!

BEAUTY LOTION . . . quick cleanser, softener, powder base *all in one!*
SKIN FRESHENER . . . tingling refresher to remove that travel "shine."
DEODORANT COLOGNE . . . for fragrant, flower-fresh daintiness.
FACE POWDER . . . with dainty puff. Can't spill or leak—it's *pressed!*
CAKE ROUGE . . . smooth, easy-to-apply, lovely "blushing" color.
LIPSTICK . . . creamy, smear-proof, long-lasting, exciting new color.

Get "All-Aboard" at your favorite cosmetic counter . . $5.85*

P

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CHARM OF *Coleen*

Winsome Coleen Gray charms again in "Nightmare Alley"

YOU saw Coleen Gray as Victor Mature's love in "Kiss of Death." The critics of course are still exclaiming that she is "sensational" and "terrific." Small wonder then that the week before she had finished her next picture, "Nightmare Alley" opposite Tyrone Power, she was scheduled to start work in still another, "The Ballad of Furnace Creek," in which she will again appear opposite Mature.

Honey-blonde and blue-eyed Coleen is another of the "new intellectual school" of newcomers now making good in motion pictures. She holds a B.A. degree from Hamline University, St. Paul, Minnesota, and was well into her postgraduate work at the University of Southern California when she became interested in little theater. An agent spotted Coleen in her third play—then came the movies.

Coleen and her writer-researcher husband, Rodney Amateau, have many spirited arguments—usually about books. But she has never been as annoyed with him as she was the first day she met him—October 12, 1944, to be exact.

Coleen was to be tested by Twentieth Century-Fox and during her interview with the test director a strange man was present. He didn't say a word, but sat in a corner and watched her with detached interest. Coleen, uncomfortably aware of him, tried to concentrate on the director's questions. But the more she thought about the silent man, the madder she became.

After the test, the silent one introduced himself and asked, "How did you like the test I wrote for you?" Light dawned. Coleen realized he had been observing her under difficult conditions to see what kind of test would suit her best. He'd done a good job. She told him so—and a romance was born.

Two days later the studio signed Coleen. A year later she married Rodney Amateau and now they have a year-old daughter, Susan.

Rodney and Coleen love to go to the little theater performances where struggling novices showcase their talents. The Actor's Lab is their favorite little theater, for it was here that Coleen learned the techniques that helped her so in her first picture, "Red River." It was her outstanding performance in this which led to the lead in "Kiss of Death."

Coleen has boundless energy and leads a busy life. Besides working in motion pictures, she keeps house herself, takes ballet and is learning to paint. And—with all this, she's a good cook too!

Search for Happiness

(*Continued from page* 34) "Adventure," her co-starring picture with Clark Gable cleaned up at the box office but met with blistering reviews that must have struck deep at the pride of a girl who, since she has been in Hollywood, has been nominated for the Academy Award every year, except one. Greer has also been a two-year winner of Photoplay's Gold Medal Award for "favorite actress" in polls conducted by Audience Research, Inc.

Last, but far from least, the moorings holding her marriage to Richard Ney together were slipping and straining dangerously.

At the time of their romance, her close friends had begged her not to marry young Ney. They had prophesied the marriage would not last.

"But I was incurably romantic," she told me. "Richard represented youth, romance and happiness to me. I flatly refused to listen to the friends who told me we were unsuited in temperament and ideas."

WE were sitting in Greer's living room in the beautiful home that frames her personality so perfectly. She was wearing a white dress with touches of her favorite bright green, her red-gold hair soft around her face, and I thought what a bitter thing it must have been for this proud woman to admit her hasty marriage had been a mistake. She is so independent, so self-reliant and such a stickler for convention.

"I want to say very quickly, Louella," she went on, "that I am not sorry I married Richard. We had happy years together and I am still fond of him. He can be very amusing and witty and there were times when we were very happy."

"I think I understand," I said. "His jealousy and his juvenile actions were difficult for a mature woman to take.

"Remember," I told her, "I know Richard very well, and I, too, am fond of him. But I realize his adoration of you and his constant fear of losing you must have been dreadful to live with. I still say—somewhere, sometime there will be a happy marriage in the cards for you, Greer."

She shrugged her shoulders almost imperceptibly. I knew she was thinking of her first marriage in England, to a barrister much older than she was, and then of this second marrage to a boy emotionally and mentally so much younger.

"It would be stupid of me to say I'll

It's young, it's gay,

it's about

Betty Grable

with a lovely color portrait—
in the January issue of

Photoplay

On sale December 10th

FRANCHOT TONE AND JANET BLAIR, CO-STARRING IN COLUMBIA'S PRODUCTION "I LOVE TROUBLE"

"Franchot Tone

HAS IDEALS ABOUT WOMEN"

says JANET BLAIR:

"Franchot likes feminine women – is distressed by rough hands in a girl. He's right – you can have soft, smooth hands. I know – I use Jergens Lotion."

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Mail coupon now to Box 27, Cincinnati 14, Ohio
(Paste on penny postcard if you wish.)

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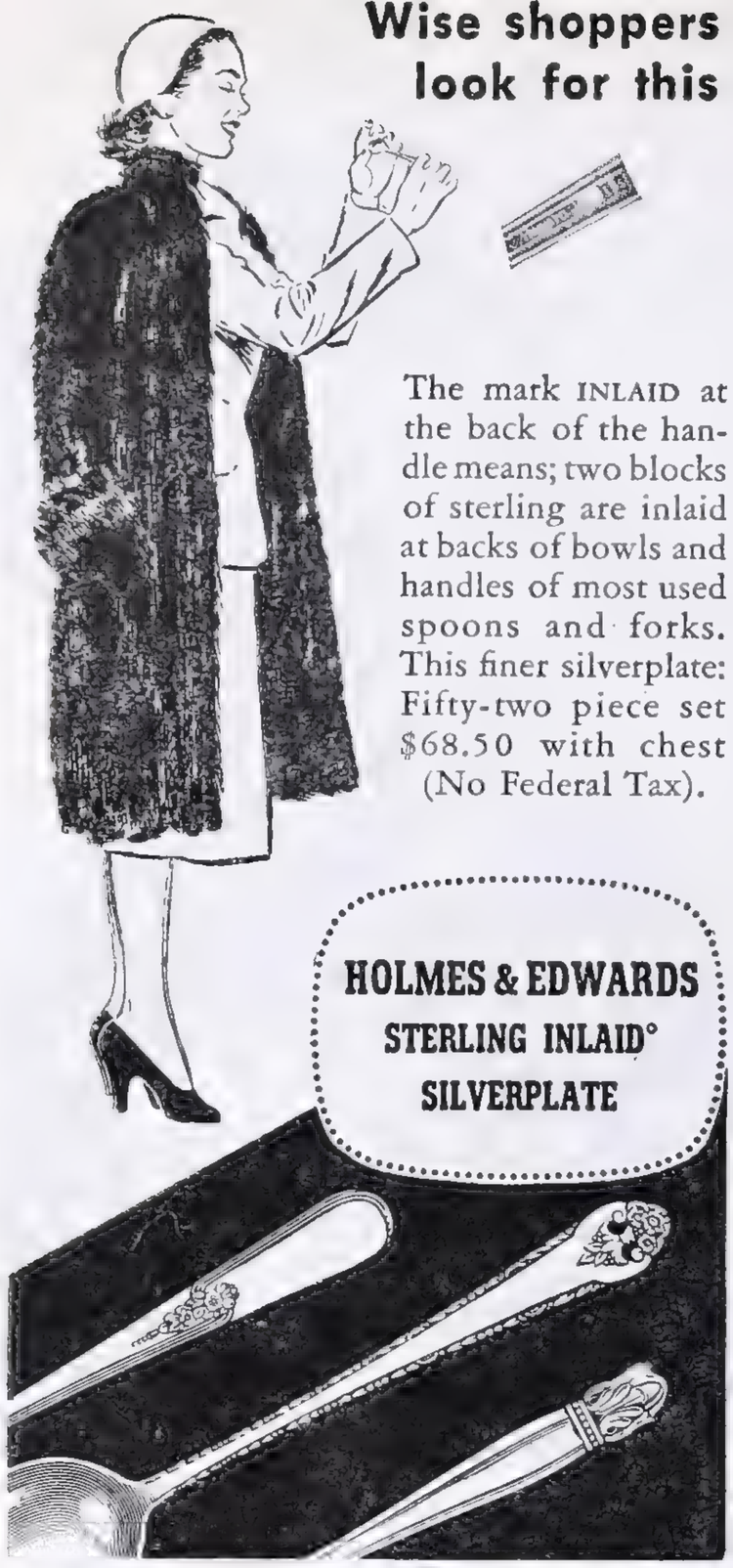

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COVERALL

This big Coverall apron by Starcross is designed for you the busy mother, housewife, cook, who require plenty of dress coverage and hard wear in an apron, yet want to appear neat and attractive. Gay floral prints—two large pockets. Material in pre-war 80 by 80 percale. Sizes—36 to 50. Medium, large, extra large.

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Aprons by **Starcross, inc.**
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never marry again," she replied, "but now I don't feel I ever shall. I have been too deeply hurt twice. I am very romantic. When I love, it goes very deep.

"Now, I want and hope to find happiness in my friends. I used to be very gay and I had so many amusing friends in England. In Hollywood, I have been virtually a recluse. Believe me, that was a mistake. Now I want friends and vital and interesting people around me."

"Such as," I suggested slyly, "—George Sanders?" I knew Greer had been dining and dancing with the fascinating Mr. Sanders a number of times.

Greer threw back her head and laughed gaily. "Oh, not you, Louella. The truth about *that* is, I knew George in England and we are old friends. He has been very unhappy and lonely. Personally I believe he is still in love with his wife. But we find each other good company. I enjoy going out with him. But as for any romance—it's just too ridiculous to discuss."

And I believe her!

We spoke of Greer's career.

"I HATE the word *career,*" Greer said. "Why do people use it as though it were something you bought at the store? I love *acting.* I couldn't be anything else but an actress—but it is nothing so intangible as a career I'm seeking. I want good acting roles—good, bad, old, young characters, it makes no difference. But, if an actress doesn't get that opportunity, well, what can she do?"

Before I could interrupt, Greer went on quickly: "I don't mean that I am ungrateful to M-G-M. They couldn't help 'Adventure' any more than I could. They, too, were disappointed that it didn't come out the way everyone hoped. I would be ungrateful, indeed, if I didn't appreciate the fine pictures Louis B. Mayer has given me. I have had 'Madame Curie,' 'Random Harvest,' 'Blossoms in the Dust,' 'Mrs. Miniver,' 'Goodbye Mr. Chips' and 'Valley of Decision'—all fine and successful pictures.

"So, let's forget 'Adventure'—it wasn't any better for Clark Gable than it was for me. It was as bad for him as 'Parnell.'" There was mischief in her eyes when she said that.

There had been rumors that Clark and Greer did not hit it off so well during the making of "Adventure" and that their personalities didn't click. My hostess scoffed at this. "Nonsense. I like Clark very much. If the right story came along for both of us, of course we would make another film together.

"As I look back, Louella," she went on, "I think that most of my misery of the past year came from bad health. I really hurt myself when I fell and was almost drowned at Carmel. I am just now getting over it. When you are ill, nothing is right. Even trivial things assume nightmare proportions. Being depressed mentally and physically, combined with emotional upsets and my eagerness to make a good picture, gave me months of unhappiness. Now I have a new philosophy."

"Which is—?" I prompted.

"Liberty—and the pursuit of happiness," she replied with a challenging ring in her voice. "There is no happiness without personal liberty. I mean to have that. I will never tie myself down again to the point where I am overburdened with obligations. I want to be gay, and above all, cheerful, and find happiness in each and every event in my everyday life."

Greer, who has supported her widowed mother from the time she was a little girl, striving to give her beloved Nina everything, is a wonderful daughter and is getting an enormous kick out of Mrs. Garson's career as a movie actress. As Nina Ross, Mrs. Garson is having the time of her life accepting small but interesting character roles.

In spite of "turning actress," Nina still has time to run Greer's home delightfully and to take the responsibilities of domesticity off her daughter's shoulders.

People who do not know Mrs. Garson have been unkind enough to intimate that it was her dislike of Richard Ney that brought about the trouble. This, I know, is not true. I believe Nina Garson made a sincere effort to like and understand Richard. He is a difficult boy, supersensitive and always conscious of his wife's position as an important star. More than anything, Richard wants success himself. When that comes, I believe he will no longer be so unhappy.

"I am convinced there is a future for Richard," Greer said. "Whether he realizes it now or not, our separation is good for him. He wasn't happy with me. Now I believe he will find himself. When matters between us were uncertain, he couldn't settle down to his work. But it is over and done with now. He knows any chance of a reconciliation is hopeless."

"Is that why you went to court and made the separation legal?" I asked.

"I made up my mind in a hurry to get a divorce," she replied. "I realized it was wrong for me not to make a clean break. I like to dine with other men, and it wasn't in accord with my ideas of propriety to accept dinner and dancing engagements when I was married. I knew, too, if Richard once realized the whole thing was definitely over, he would not be so miserable. He would calm down.

"You see, I am fond of him and I do want his happiness. I knew there wasn't happiness for either of us while we were together. There could never be—no matter how many times we tried to make a go of it. There is much I don't want to discuss. It is unfair to both of us. Making the break cleanly and swiftly may hurt for a little while, but this way I can keep Richard's friendship."

Of this I am sure—there is no semblance of Greer's carrying a torch in her break with young Ney. Where she is concerned, their marriage that lasted four years is a closed chapter. He still has her best wishes, her sympathy and her friendship, but not her love.

Greer is definitely facing forward from here on in. If her last two pictures have not been to her liking—they, too, are being relegated to the past while the lady, herself, looks ahead.

"There are good things in the future," she told me with that self-assurance I admire so much about Greer. "I love the stories lined up for me this coming year —'The Chimes of Bruges,' 'The Nutmeg Tree' and a sequel to 'Mrs. Miniver'—all stories I like.

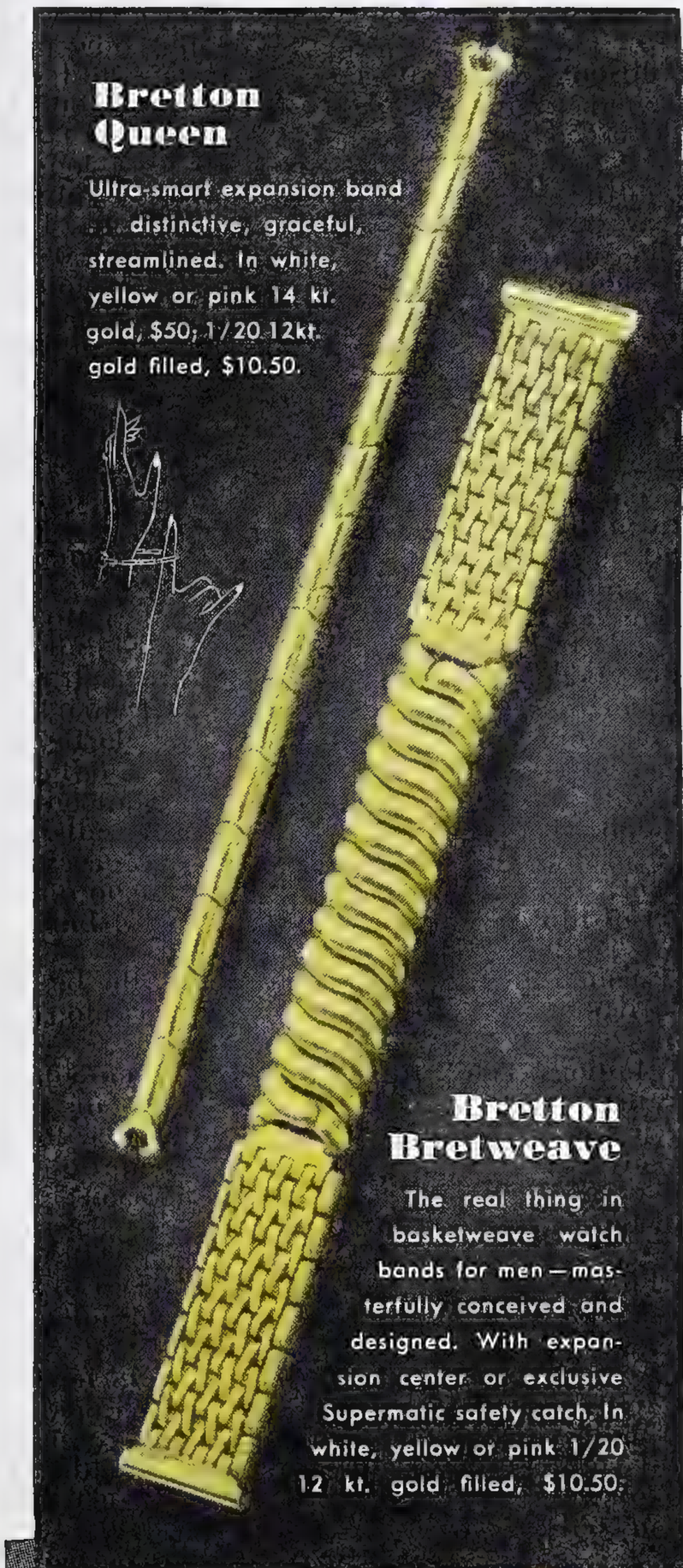
"But best of all, I like feeling like myself again—and belonging to myself again."

And belonging to all of us again, I might add, the same vivid, intense, independent Miss Greer Garson who first won our movie hearts seven years ago.

THE END

For More Photoplay Fashions See Page 87

Among Fine Christmas Gifts None Surpasses Bretton Bands



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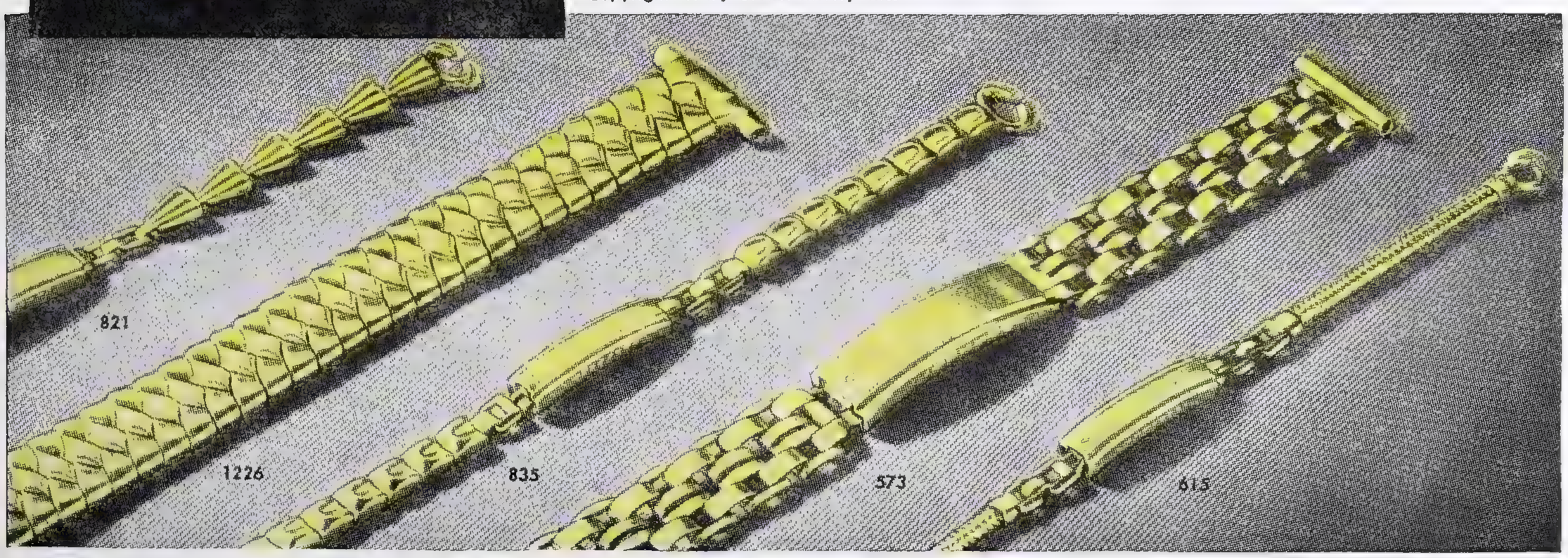

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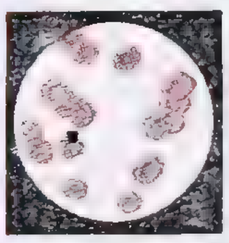

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Improved, Concentrated Formula

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TABLETS

Life with My Father

(*Continued from page* 60) What a glamor parent he still seems to me! He had bought a new gold watch and, holding me on his knee, like parents from time immemorial, he let me listen to it. "Tick, tick," said father. "Dig, dig," I said to myself. I associated that sound with him. So I began calling him "Dig, Dig"—and I still do, except for times like this when I'm being full of dignity.

It wasn't until 1930 that I got to know him intimately. Mother had moved us out from New York, and I went to live with my father for two enchanted months. One fatal day he sang "Old Man River" to me. The way I got it was "Old Man Ribber" and after that I tagged him everywhere saying, "Dig Dig, sing 'Old Man Ribber'."

He was wonderfully patient with me. On the street, when I'd urge him to break into song, he'd turn his face so people wouldn't see him at it, but he would still carol at my request.

From that time on, althought I spent most of my time with my mother, I loved Father in a special way. My mother lived until 1942 and she was always wonderful, but the human heart is arbitrary, and no less than he charmed audiences, my father was able to charm me.

And yet, I now know I must have been jealous of him as I grew up, jealous of his poise—which he had carefully acquired, jealous of his wit, which was native to him. He had carved out his own destiny, starting with nothing but ambition in Kansas City. I now began carving out mine, in reverse.

I mean I became a problem child. This started when I went to a grammar school not far from the Paramount studios, and for the first time became aware of the fact that I was "William Powell's son." This

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My Name.....

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gave me a rather uncomfortable sense of importance. I was somebody special—but it wasn't on my own merit. It was because of Father. So I set to work being a young devil—and I did nicely at it for some time.

I went from there to a private school, and from that to a military academy, and from that to a summer camp, and from that, eventually, to Hollywood High—and so on right until I got to Princeton, but everywhere I was a horror.

Father tried. He certainly did. He isn't the type of guy who tells people how to run their lives. But we did have a few skirmishes.

I REMEMBER those three awful summers when he insisted I go to camp, which I hated, as it meant I packed off around the entire West, roughing it in mountains and desert, when I would much have preferred being at my father's then luxurious home that was all white paint, glitter, swimming pools, outdoor patios, parties and that beautiful girl who for two years was his wife, Carole Lombard.

Don't misunderstand. Father didn't send me off because he wanted to get rid of me. He thought I might get some little discipline that way, and maybe I did, but it wasn't very noticeable.

I remember one time when Father was interviewing the head of a highly select school, which he was trying to worm me into. Father was in the drawing room, playing a very refined scene, detailing to the visitor what a dear, quiet boy I was. *Little Lord Fauntleroy* in Hollywood. From the hall I overheard this conversation and, nattily arrayed in a beat-up pair of riding trousers and an awful hat, I picked up a revolver and rushed in on the tableau, yelling, "Stick 'em up."

It was quite a curtain.

I recall, too, when I first went to Princeton and Father accompanied me down there, from the Waldorf-Astoria where we had been staying. My going to Princeton was the gratification of a dream of his.

He'd never been able to afford college but he attended the American Academy of Dramatic Art and had played stock in Trenton, N. J., in 1913. He had seen "the gray, ivoried towers of Princeton" at that time, and had never recovered.

When I checked in, Father decided to help me unpack. As he opened one of my bags, he found several of his best ties. But that wasn't what made him sore. I had also packed two hotel towels. He hit the roof, not so much because that isn't done (it says here!) but because of what the hotel would think. "They will say William Powell stayed here and stole towels," he pointed out with dignity. There was no calming him until I sent the towels back.

As *Father Day* on screen in the present ent "Life with Father," he thunders about magnificently—but that is acting. Personally, when he gets sore, he never shouts. Instead he goes in for a very chilling reserve. But he is like *Father Day* in his love of food. Every dinner is an occasion and the food and service must be perfect.

When he goes into a new restaurant he has the maitre d' over, explains his likes and dislikes. If the next time he goes there, the maitre d' doesn't remember all this he is very disturbed. His sense of elegance is disturbed. He knows what wine must be chilled to what degree, what goes with what, and all the rest of the epicurean routine.

Yet, though he dresses elaborately on screen, or when any necessity for display comes up in private life, among friends, his favorite costume is a bath towel, no more, how could there be less.

He has one hat. He bought it in 1912 and he deeply loves it. In its youth, it was a brown Fedora. Now it is battered and

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stained, but he clings to it relentlessly. He also has an old bathrobe which he has owned for nobody knows how long. It has a rip down the back, but he won't change it. Mousie, his wife, hopefully buys him new ones but he gives those away.

When I was a little boy, he built a house in Beverly Hills—the one that was all white glitter pools. It cost a fortune—but he was very lucky. For it worked all that ostentation out of his system and then—trust him—he unloaded it at a profit. Now he alternates between his comfortable house in Beverly Hills, a small place he has in Palm Springs, and the house in the Valley where my wife and I live.

MOUSIE is always up in the mornings, bounding with energy. She plays a mean game of tennis. Father used to play and once he tried to teach it to me—but now he says his favorite sport is sitting in the sun on his two-by-six piazza. When they are in Palm Springs, Mousie plays daily at the Racquet Club and Father will sit there, watching her, commenting on her game. But all he wants is the sun-tan.

He drives back and forth to Palm Springs in his Pontiac. The Pontiac is as beaten up as his old hat, and he loves it just as much. At premieres or swank hotels, when cars are being called and big slick Cads and Lincolns come rolling out, they announce "Mr. Powell's car" and then that ten-year-old job comes rattling up. People turn and say, "Why the poor man," but it doesn't bother Father at all.

Every once in a while somebody asks me what it is like to have a step-mother who is merely five years my senior. I say it is great—if she is like Diana Lewis. Ten years ago, Father was very ill. He was depressed and moody and he felt that the best part of his life was over. Then he met Di. He is inclined to be retiring. She is all outward going. She taught him to play games. She taught him to dance. He had always insisted that he couldn't dance, but you should see him now. He is particularly wicked at the samba.

She's made him into a party hound. He says he doesn't want to go out, when the invitations arrive. Di pleads, "Oh, come on." Father protests. He knows he is going to be bored stiff. He'd rather stay home. Then he goes to the party—and he's always the last guest to leave.

He has always loved big words, and he uses them very exactly. He is constantly "abjuring" me, and everything is "by token of." Before he uses a word, he carefully looks it up, getting its Latin or Greek derivation. Then if it is something no average human would use, he'll start tossing it about, and get a big boot watching people squirm, not knowing what he is talking about.

He is a very generous guy and he had always, uncomplainingly, carried a great responsibility. He started with nothing—and he now has a whole group of people whom he supports. My grandmother is the oldest, but there are many others.

I feel that I first began really appreciating Father after I was in service. Just before I enlisted we had our only clash. I had survived a pretty wild semester at Princeton, during which we had got our wires crossed. I had understood Father to say he'd send me a $100 a month allowance. So my first New York weekend, I spent the whole hundred, but fast. Then I wrote, reminding him of his promise.

He replied that I was suffering a gross delusion if I thought he was going to finance me in a New York night-club education. After that we wrote insultingly back and forth. Finally he offered to loan me money and I said I'd take it, but at 6% interest. He refused. I insisted. He sent me the $100 and I started paying it back,

twenty dollars a month and the interest. It was very rugged.

Then the Christmas holidays came and I went berserk. I majored in the Stork Club and had to sell practically everything I owned. Father had given me a typewriter. When I started writing him in long hand he knew what was up and I was in the dog house. When I enlisted I still owed Father $60 of that $100.

The Marines—or something—knocked the idiot out of me. Whatever it was, when I got out in 1945, I was glad to go back to Princeton and really work.

When Father came to see me at that time—and incidentally, he gave the best performance as an old Princeton alumnus you ever saw—I was delighted to discover we had become closer than ever before. He was no longer merely my old man. He was my friend. It was great. Now that I'm out of school and working here in Hollywood, the closeness has kept on growing.

I'm no actor. I didn't inherit Father's ability. I am in the story department at Warners. And I'm very happily married.

Father is even mixed up in that. Except for him having taken me to a cocktail party in New York, I might never have met my bride. It was a Sunday noon cocktail party and for me it was the end of a tough night. The room was swarming with pretty girls. One of them came over to me, asked me if I felt as rocky as I looked. Her name was Irene Booth and she was a New York stage and radio actress. Father had given me some tickets to a game at the Polo Grounds. I asked her to join me. She did—and now look.

She's very cute. She insists her nose turns up too much—but I don't agree. I like it just the way it is. I like her just the way she is, which is a very nice deal.

Father and I pack these wives of ours off to bed and then we sit up and have bull sessions. We have the whole world dissected before we finish. Then we put it back together again the next night.

Father is constantly mellowing, and he is much more liberal in his point of view than he used to be. But he is still a kid in many ways. He always will be. He loves his work and he basically loves life. He really suffers when he gets a bad picture, but when he hits one like "Life with Father" he is very happy about it.

I guess, if I tell the truth, and nothing but, I'll have to say that while I have always loved him, it is only the last few years that I have come to appreciate his sensitiveness, his artistry, his honesty. He's a great man.

And he is, definitely, my favorite father.

THE END

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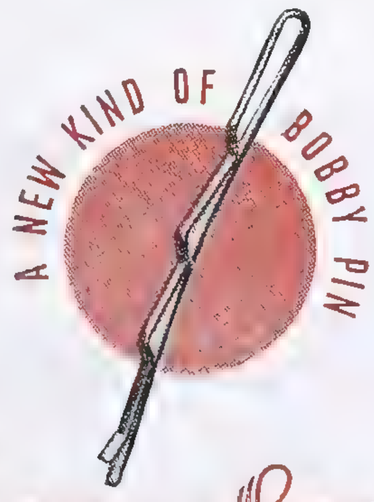

Gayla SUPERGRIP

COPYRIGHT 1947 GAYLORD PRODUCTS, INCORPORATED CHICAGO 16, ILL.

*United States Testing Company, Inc. Test No. 75436, Nov. 25, 1946

(*Continued from page* 65) has Mac that the rest of us Macs haven't got? Nothing. Just more of the same.

Around the studios he is liked by all hands, who consider him the regular normal guy. He never blows up except in his lines, and that he does often. He has never overcome the diffidence that makes us Midwesterners lovable. A gossip columnist thinks there is something lacking in a man who has not provided a line of gossip during twelve years in Hollywood.

"I am lazy," says Mr. MacMurray. "I guess that's why I am an actor."

All men who prefer the hammock to the hoe will hail him hero.

In longitudinal repose, Mac reaches from end to end of his perambulating dressing room. He could be mistaken for an embalmer's display were it not for a flick of the lip when speaking, harder to detect than ventriloquist Bergen's. He avoids tiresome words in favor of um, humpf, and a half-inch nod.

"You prefer comedy," says the feeder.

"Um," says Mr. M. "Easier."

This oration depletes him. From pants pocket he gropes a disheveled cigarette. It revitalizes and he adds: "I'm not a funny man though."

LUCK and laziness made him a funny man he says. He neglected to latch his trousers. He was conducting a band on the stage at the time. He also was impersonating a seal and Leopold Stokowski. It was as Mr. Stokowski that the neglect became evident. The audience immodestly whooped. His furtive attempts to reunite the baggy trousers drove them hysterical.

Mac's gift for relaxing brings to mind that relaxed race of admirable Africans as portrayed by the two Black Crows. One sighed that the early bird catches the worm; the other drawls, "Well, who wants a worm?"

Bud was an early bird. There were extenuating circumstances. His father, a concert violinist, had ambition for him.

At age four Bud was standing on a chair fiddling for a concert audience.

"This is a heck of a life," he mused.

He threw up the fiddle and the bow and took up sketching. He drew a horse and made seventy-five cents. Fame struck over night. His name was published as a contest winner. "That's that," said Bud, washing up art along with music.

Casting about, he decided to be a general. The reason there is not another Mac wearing brass is that Bud quit military school after one year. His mother and father had been divorced and he rejoined Mom in Beaver Dam to lend support.

Soon the fury of creative energy flared again. He worked twenty hours a day in a cannery during school vacations. He canned every freedom-loving pea from Rio Grande to Great Lakes.

Pea-rich Bud bought a baritone horn and next season a sax. He blew hot jazz in a five-man band. Fame struck again at sixteen when he graduated from high. The American Legion nailed a medal on him. He had wrapped up all the athletic and scholastic records.

With limelight hot on his tail he blew to Chicago where he found work in a sports goods department. Already six-feet-three and weighing two hundred ten he was proficient in selling men's sweaters and hunting jackets to women who thought their husbands would look big as Bud in them. When the ladies got home and saw them hanging like shrouds on the shrimps they had married there was a wave of husband beatings in Chicago.

Bud sought refuge in art again. He dropped in on the Chicago Art Institute and spent three evenings.

Art still pursues him. Last Christmas, Miss Lilli, the woman he had the pie crust to marry, gave him a set of water colors and brushes and sent him skidaddling to the big red barn on their Brentwood place. Lights have been seen burning nights. Artists are worried. They fear paintings will flood the market soon. Agents were sent sleuthing to determine whether landscapes or marines or fat nudes would be surplus.

"I haven't got going," Bud says. "I'll be doing a series of red barns a long time."

He has come a long way since he scared himself to death bopping the Paramount boss for his first raise. He thought he would be rubbed out, off the payroll anyhow. He faded from his boarding house and sought refuge in the apartment of Miss Lillian Lamont. She is the only girl he ever went steady with. Though beautiful and smartly fashioned Miss Lamont did not linger long in pictures.

"She looks sophisticated but she isn't," says her husband. "That was her trouble."

Miss Lamont had her chance. She was tested for a star part, a flip-lip character who was supposed to say things no girl brought up in St. Joe, Missouri, would say. The words would not come. Mutely Miss Lamont led herself off the lot and took a job modeling at Magnin's.

When refugee Bud appeared at her door she was naturally sympathetic. She gave him a book to read and told him he could hole up there while she was working. The book failed to quiet Bud's nerves, so he decided to bake a pie. Culinary art was one he hadn't tried. The woman who ran his boarding house informed him the secret was to use little water. Bud laid it on with a teaspoon gently but then got tough and beat the dough. Pies got tough too. When he got around to giving them the feather massage he turned out the flakiest crust Miss Lamont ever tasted.

"It's dreamy," she said, swooning.

Soon she was on a plane for Las Vegas. They were married on the wedding anniversary of Bud's parents.

The MacMurrays have a farm sixty miles north of San Francisco. In Hollywood they call it a ranch but back in Wisconsin they call 'em farms and so it is a farm, by gum.

"But six thousand acres is a ranch," he is told.

"Six thousand acres?" Mac mutters. "It is only a thousand, I sold five hundred."

At the MacMurray farmhouse door the visitor probably will meet a Belgian stallion named Mike, Mac's chum and closest follower on the little farm of a thousand acres. Sheep gambol over pine-topped hills and level meadows and in the pastures 150 Shorthorns, with pedigrees going back to the Mayflower, hold sedate picnics. Mac also breeds quarter horses and raises 300 acres of prunes.

For six years Mac has invested all he could save out of his sixty-six cents. This year the farm shows profit.

"You don't aim to get rich any more," farmer MacMurray says. But as an early bird, before war taxes, he caught a number of worms, including a couple of apartment houses, citrus orchards and stock in refrigeration and other enterprises.

He used to think he would retire and go fishing but now he is content to rest on the set. "There's plenty of time for fishing between pictures," he says.

Claude Binyon, who wrote seven of his pictures, goes with him fishing. Mac is not a mixer. A reserve due to shyness, along with discrimination, kept him on his own. The MacMurrays entertain little. The Ray Millands, Dwight Taylors and Walter Langs are often to dinner. Mac makes a sage observation on Hollywood friendships. He says this is a hard town to keep friends; they move away or get divorced, or somehow you aren't thrown with them steadily.

Though calm as Buddha, Mac has his crosses to bear. The tall tales of press agents unnerve him. In "The Miracle of the Bells" he plays a press agent and the big-tale boys are ribbing him. He also had to eat pie in one sequence. The press agent gleefully calculated that with all the "takes" Mac consumed twelve pies. Honest Mac quivered over this, not only because the figure wasn't strictly true but because the pies were bakers' pies—not the flaky swoony stuff of the old master.

Mac says he feels sorry for press agents working on him.

"There is nothing to write about," he says. "No one could make me colorful."

Go bake a pie, Bud.

THE END

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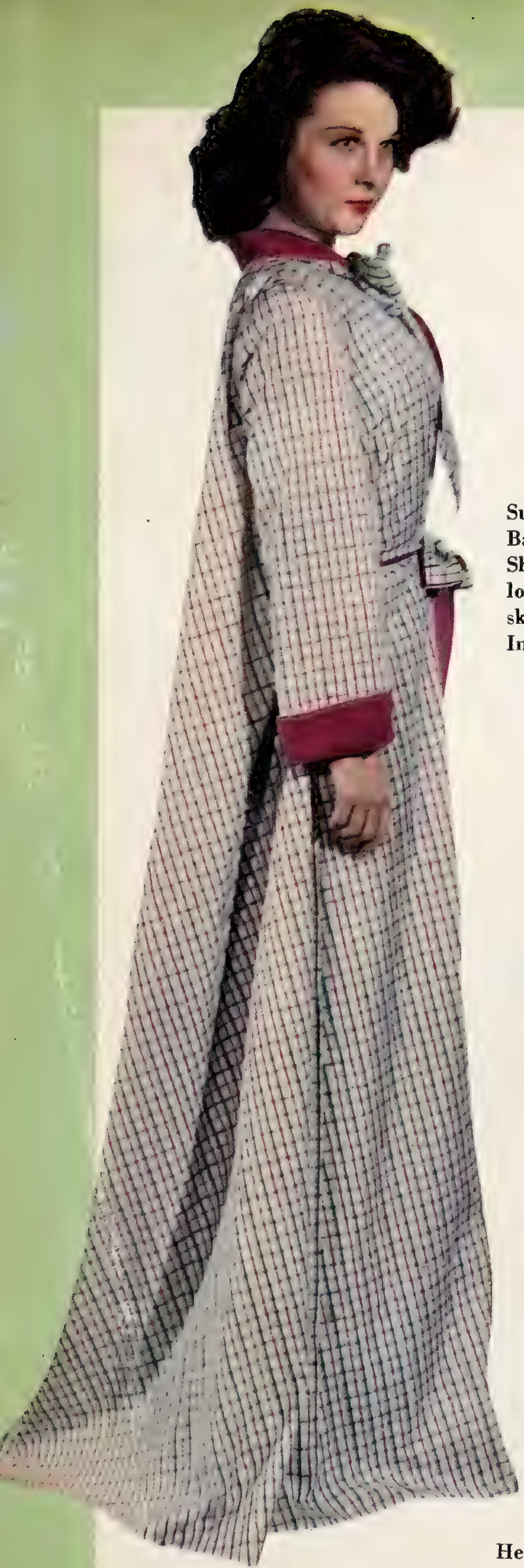
Cotton for Christmas



Susan Hayward, in private life Mrs. Jess Barker is Mom to her small twin boys. She wears anything she likes—and it all looks well with her red hair and lovely skin. You'll see her next in Universal-International's production "Tap Roots"

Here is a new reversible peignoir to keep you looking a dream child Christmas morning and every morning. Wear it checked side out or red side out. It's of washable Dan River gingham. Styled by Dorian in sizes 10-18. About $20.00 at Lord & Taylor, New York, N. Y. and Marshall Field & Co., Chicago, Ill.

(For stores in your vicinity see page 89)

Angela Lansbury
whose charm and artistry
you will see in Metro's
"If Winter Comes"

Be festive with a Victorian Air

Liselle designs a delicious three-some. French crepe blouse, $7.95. Black velveteen skirt with the new length and high waistline, $12.95. Pearl and gold belt, $5.95. At John Wanamaker, New York, N. Y. and The Wm. H. Block Co., Indianapolis, Ind. Sizes 9—15 and 10—16.

(For the store in your vicinity see opposite page)

Wherever

You Live

You Can Buy

Photoplay Fashions

If the preceding pages do not list stores in your vicinity where Photoplay Fashions are sold, write to the manufacturers listed below:

Striped Taffeta Dress
Dartford Deb
1400 Broadway
New York City

Ballerina Taffeta Evening Dress
Fred Perlberg
525 Seventh Avenue
New York City

Chiffon and Ostrich Evening Dress
Nite Club
525 Seventh Avenue
New York City

Cotton Peignoir
Dorian-Macksoud
1 East 33rd St.
New York City

Blouse and Skirt
Herbert Labandter, Inc.
270 West 38th St.
New York City

For other views of pattern see page 74

BACK FRONT

BACK FRONT

Write for FREE BOOKLET on corset and brassiere fitting comfort.
Address Ruth Stone—"Perma-lift" Stylist
1143 W. Congress Street
Chicago 7, Ill.—Dept. 66

Perma-lift
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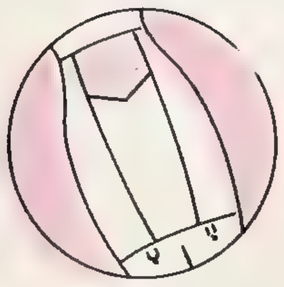
PANTIES
NO BONES ABOUT IT
STAYS UP WITHOUT STAYS
Another "Hickory" Success

NO BONES ABOUT IT!

Stays up without stays



Enjoy the comfort of this slimming "Perma-lift"* Pantie Girdle. All elastic leg sections comfortably control hips and thighs. Best of all, this wonderful pantie won't ride up. Deftly styled—the magic inset prevents rolling over, wrinkling, entirely eliminates the annoying discomfort of bones. Yes, it STAYS UP WITHOUT STAYS. "Perma-lift" Panties, Girdles, and Foundations are available at your favorite corset department—most styles priced from $5.95 to $12.50.

*"Perma-lift" and "Hickory" are trademarks of A. Stein & Company (Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.)

Costume Confidence
. . . PERSONAL PRIDE TOO
with Townwear
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

"Stockings of Matchless Beauty"
PROPORTIONED NYLONS
STREAMLINED FIT FROM TOP TO TOE

Travis Banton who designed

Photoplay's Pattern of the Month

DREAMS OF FAIR WOMEN

and makes his dreams come true with the clothes he designs for Hollywood stars—and you

This year Travis Banton celebrates his 26th anniversary as a Hollywood designer. Now, since he is with Universal, you see such stars as Deanna Durbin, Maria Montez, Merle Oberon, Yvonne De Carlo, Joan Bennett and Susan Hayward looking even lovelier because of Banton designed clothes. And because PHOTOPLAY'S pattern this month is one of these Banton designs you, too, can be lovelier. Beside his talent for making women look as they dream of looking—and he dreams of them looking—Travis has the most divine sense of humor, a fascinating wife called Biddy who wears his clothes to perfection and an apartment filled with beautiful furniture and paintings gathered from the four corners of the world.

Talking of current views on fashion, Travis says: "I'm doing practically the same length skirt that I've done for the last year—from 12 to 15 inches from the floor. I'm very fond of the unpadded Chinese kimono type coat which wraps snugly around the figure. I like normal shoulders. Evening gowns, I think, almost without exception should reach the ground. I am sick to death of ballet dancers. I like to emphasize a womanly quality."

Fashion is Fun

And Makes You Lovelier

Something new and wonderful has been added to your lingerie wardrobe—Suspants. This revolutionary pantie, made of fine soft rayon, fits like a dream with nary a wrinkle. But here's the real news—Suspants are made with four garter tabs that hold your stockings taut so you can bend and twist. They also offer plenty of figure control for gals who like the smooth sleek feeling without binding. They come in sizes 9—17 and are about $1.30.

●

The styles this year make your bra wardrobe more important than ever, so try on a bra before purchasing. Renée of Hollywood has designed a bra that will give you the rounded contours you need for the new tight little jackets and snug-fitting dresses. Made of broadcloth and called "Academy," it has "balanced support" because of a special arrangement by which the shoulder straps run into and become part of the cups. The price is $2.00.

●

A marvelous fabric by Skinner that can be bought by the yard for home sewing is called Sunbak*. One side of this fabric, which completely eliminates interlining, is soft wool and the other is shimmering smooth satin which all adds up to warmth without weight. Just think how easy it's going to be now to make a coat, jacket or negligee that is really soft and warm. Simply line these things with Sunbak*.

●

Do you have a suit or dress you'd like to "dress-up" a little differently? Buy enough fabric to make collar and cuffs and then neatly fringe the edges of the fabric. A plaid set would be charming on a simple dress and you might even top the whole thing off with a small off-the-face beret in the same plaid.

●

Matching accessories are all the rage in Hollywood these days. So put the accent on one-color ensembles, which is the new monotone look. This means your suit, hat, bag and gloves will all be the same color.

●

Frills Galore... GIFT APRO
OF DAN RIVER FABR

Dan River's Starspun*, cotton
mouth-watering as Christmas bonbo
in aprons that give year-round pleasu
as every gift should, stay true to co
and size† no matter how often they
washed. Dan River Mills, Inc., Danvil
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Aprons by Nona-Lou, pink
blue predominating, jumbo pockets,
gandy frill in choice of pastels. Ab
$2.50 at B. Altman & Co., New Yo
Marshall Field & Co., Chicago; T
J. L. Hudson Co., Detroit; Schuste
Milwaukee; and other fine stores.

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping

*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.
†Fabric shrinkage less than

Highlight your natural soft beauty . . .

Let the lustre and moonlight glow of a strand of *Deltah* simulated pearls add that sought-after touch of glamour to your decollete. Its close resemblance to precious Oriental pearls will make your *Deltah* necklace a luxurious adornment for every costume, daytime or night. Necklace from $3.00, earrings to match.

L. HELLER AND SON, INC.
FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK

D. P.

(*Continued from page* 57) such a thing as going quietly and harmlessly crazy," June says, "and there he was, screeching like a banshee at nothing but water and wind."

There aren't any rational grounds on which to explain men who love ocean-going sailboats, and Dick knew better than to try. So he sold the lovely Santana to Humphrey Bogart, another actor half daft with the song the wind makes in rigging. And when June protested only faintly he knew he had been right.

Dick's a great one for tempering his course to the prevailing winds. That's why D. P. today stands for his initials only.

You don't have to be a dramatic war evacuee, after all, to be a displaced person. You can be one of the thousands who lose their way in the everyday business of living. As Dick did four years ago. He was fortyish. He had had his divorce from Joan Blondell. And younger crooners had shoved him off the cinematic flower-strewn paths along which he previously had wandered, singing of moonlight and love.

He could have retired, of course, and acquired a waistline and a conservative outlook on living. But he didn't.

"That's all right for a member of the Union League Club," he says, "but not for me. I want to wade into life up to my armpits. I can still work fourteen hours a day and come up fresh for a spot of fun."

Now lest you think that all this is merely a frantic clutching at the things which belong to youth, Dick's flying instructor will tell you that he has had few students whose coordination and sense of timing were better. "The guy's a natural," he says. "He can put a ship down on a handkerchief and his landings are smooth as silk."

JUNE ALLYSON came along at just the right time to be the cornerstone of Dick's new life. For when he found he was still young enough to earn a backward glance from a twenty-two-year-old actress over whom directors were dancing in the street, he became more determined than ever to convince producers he would have greater box-office appeal as a screen menace than he had had as a crooner. Finally Charlie Koerner at RKO listened. And with "Murder, My Sweet," Dick's professional life became as elysian as his personal life with June had turned out to be.

Now, with three box office sensations behind him, Dick is looking into the future with a certain equanimity and assurance. He is excited about "Assigned to Treasury," a vivid tale of the dope traffic, and in his forthcoming "Mr. Miracle." And he has in mind another toughie, "Pitfall," a story concerned with a chain of events which contribute to the disintegration of a happy and successful life through a single sinister contact. This he hopes to produce himself.

"This producing thing," he says, "now there is something. I'm not getting any younger and the time will come when I'll have to content myself with a subtler form of self-expression—perhaps from a producer's or director's chair. And there's that little consideration—money. Some very second-rate people have made a lot of it in Hollywood and I'd like to try my luck."

And so the world is wagging along at a very happy rate for Mr. Richard Ewing Powell, what with his married life with June. With his spine chillers proving completely successful. With a new boat in mind: "A good stout boat that will take you where you want to go with no nonsense about speed and grace."

Once again Dick charts his course wisely, and, good skipper that he is, he will bring his barque safely into harbor.

THE END

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Renée

"the champagne bra for gingerale budgets"

Available now in your favorite Mangel store

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Renée of Hollywood's Nylon Bra

Magically molded for graceful, fluid lines. Sheer double nylon marquisette body. Nylon satin cup, satin shoulderstraps. Colors: white, nude, black. Sizes 32 to 38. Average cup.

$2.50

If there is no Mangel store nearby, use coupon.

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Send the following Renee of Hollywood bras #019 at $2.50 each.

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FROM PHILCO THE LEADER...

*A Quality Automatic at $99.95**

Here's true enjoyment and lasting satisfaction in an automatic table radio-phonograph at the lowest possible price. You hear the difference **Philco quality** makes in the rich, full-bodied tone on radio and records. Changes up to 12 records automatically. Powerful, sensitive radio reception. See the Philco **1253** . . . a sensational value . . . at Philco dealers now.

PHILCO

Famous for Quality the World Over

The new automatic way to play records

Famous Philco 1201 Radio-phonograph, just slide in a record and it plays. No fussing with lid, tone arm or needle. Ideal for parties.

*Now only $69.95**

* Prices slightly higher Denver and West

(*Continued from page* 43) anything of the kind. I'm banking upon you becoming so successful that I'll have everything."

Whereupon Joe would take a deep breath and go out to look for a job. And he would wear his one—but well-cut—tweed jacket with such an air that no one suspected the turmoil that went on under the pipe he carried in his breast pocket.

Another thing about Joe and Lenore: They don't compromise. There was that memorable time following Joe's first signal success on the stage in "Philadelphia Story" with Katie Hepburn, when a movie producer offered him a leading role at $1,500 a week. Believing Lenore's diamond necklace to be within reach, Joe asked for the script. He loathed it. He told Lenore, "It has an ancient and fishlike odor. And so will I if I play it!"

Visions of the diamond necklace faded. Lenore still doesn't have it actually, since it never was anything more than a convenient figure of speech. The Cottens are not the diamond-necklace type. They go in for a tennis court; such a fine court that the tennis pros make their way to it. It gets around that anyone who plays a good game and observes court etiquette is welcome at the Cottens'. Rex Harrison plays there frequently. So does Joe's boss, David O. Selznick. And, almost every day Joe and Lenore play singles alone.

JOE and Lenore also go in for a good cook. The food at their intimate dinner table—they never give large parties—surpasses that served in many more elaborate homes. There's just the right amount of garlic in the salad and a touch of red wine in the sauce, even if it is, as you hope it will be, having had it there before, beef stew.

They have a beautiful garden too. And Joe, when he isn't in production, works outside all day. But come five o'clock, all over mud and weary from hauling rocks or building a driveway, he will shower and join Lenore on the tennis court. Often, too, between pictures they motor up to Santa Barbara and there, where motion picture stars are not generally popular, have a wonderful time.

At a recent Santa Barbara party, a music-loving hostess enchanted her music-loving guests with a pianist, cellist and flutist from one of our fine symphony orchestras. It was late when dinner was served, for one guest after another, overwhelmed with the artistry of this trio, would request one more selection.

"I enjoyed it for a few hours," Joe relates. "But I was relieved when dinner was announced. Imagine my horror therefore, when after dinner I saw the trio reassemble, and beheld Lenore with a look of enchantment making requests for the most abstract selections!

"Maybe our hostess heard me groan. At any rate, all smiles, she asked, 'You're a music lover, like your wife, Mr. Cotten?' I just shook my head. Then I said, 'I used to think so. Now I know better!'"

Last winter found Joe and Lenore in New York. The exteriors for the Selznick production "Portrait of Jennie" were filmed there. I didn't know Joe and Lenore had reached the city until driving in the park one day, I saw a man who could be no one but Joe Cotten and a girl resembling Jennifer Jones, skating on one of the lakes.

"What in the world are you doing here?" I asked, leaving my car and walking towards them. "Singing for our supper," explained Joe, skating with Jennifer over to the bank where I stood.

It's typical of the unpretentiousness of Joe and Lenore that they did not swank in a big suite at an elegant hotel while they were in New York. It would have been no more than anyone would have expected of an actor as successful as Joe. This year, in fact, the nation-wide poll which Dr. George Gallup's Audience Research, Inc., conducts for the Photoplay Gold Medal Awards finds Joe one of the ten most popular actors in the land. But no, Joe and Lenore lived instead, downtown in the very neighborhood they knew before Joe struck it rich; in the very apartment—that of John Housman, the writer—in which Joe toiled when he was associated with Housman and Orson Welles and the Mercury Players.

"It was wonderful," Joe says, "to be back in the old neighborhood, to walk around the corner to the same grocery and little French baker we patronized in the old days. And in the apartment I found all the familiar photographs and programs —all the old relics of our Mercury days."

It's typical of Joe, too, that Orson Welles remains a dear friend and a frequent and welcome visitor at his home. This, of course, is also a great tribute to Lenore. Wives so often are jealous of a man's old associations. Plainly, however, Lenore feels that it is the most natural thing in the world for Joe to continue to hero-worship Orson, even though Orson is younger than he and, despite his genius, not as over-all successful. During the war, for instance, when Orson gave his circus for the GIs, Joe labored as his assistant. Irrespective of how long and hard he might have worked in the studios that day, you found him at Orson's side.

Joe and Lenore, you see, neither regret their past nor wish to forget it. They roar with laughter over the old years. They haven't lost their sense of humor. And they haven't lost their ability to dream. Mostly they dream of travel—which must wait while Joe is in this success cycle.

A realistic novelist writing a love story that began like Joe's and Lenore's inevitably would have Joe, once he was successful, forget all that Lenore had done for him and fly to the arms of a young fluffy thing, not one-half as clever and magnetic and soignee as Lenore. It happens, however, that reality is sometimes more sentimental than realistic writers like to believe. Which brings me to my favorite story about Joe. . . .

A few years ago, Joe, working with one of Hollywood's attractive young women, was as charmed with her as was Lenore. Outside of the studio he met this girl at several parties and danced with her. A columnist, hungry for news, promptly printed insinuating items about Joe and this young star in her column.

"The next time I see you," Joe told her over the phone, "wherever we are I intend to kick you in the customary place."

She didn't believe him; until they met at a great reception. Both, it so happened, were on the dais. Nevertheless, Joe remembered his promise with action more humiliating than painful. For everyone saw it. "That will teach you!" he told the columnist. "And if you ever mention my name again you'll get a much harder kick—believe me!"

Obviously she did, for she has not mentioned his name since. She is terrified of him. And other columnists, remembering, are wary. Lenore, therefore, is spared the hurt too many Hollywood wives know when their husbands' natural and harmless admiration for other women is exaggerated into a scandal.

My dictionary tells me a "cosmopolitan" is "a citizen of the world, one free from local prejudice or affection." But I have my own definition—Joe Cotten.

THE END

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Christmas Gift

(*Continued from page* 36) the little priest peered hopefully through his spectacles at the confusing maze of buildings and the hangar-like humps of studio sound stages.

In his worn, black bag, he carried a film that had been made in China with an old-fashioned hand-cranked camera. It showed the mission, the dispensary and the orphanage. It showed natives working in the rice fields. And it showed the famine, floods and poverty. It was his hope that this film shown at parishes throughout the States would raise the funds needed for St. Columban's work to go on. He was sorry the film was so old and worn. It needed to be re-edited and brought up to date. Maybe Bing Crosby would help. Some priests he was visiting in Los Angeles had suggested his name.

But inside the studio the missionary looked at the chattering extras in their colorful costumes, at all the movie make-believe, and again thought, "How can I bring Hanyang here?" He passed the wardrobe building and entered the Crosby office next door.

BING and his brother Larry were both in. The little priest rushed eagerly into his story of the St. Columban Mission, watched tense and hopeful as the old reel of film was run off on a studio projection machine.

Bing watched too, his casual blue eyes, as always, giving no hint of his feelings.

"If only," Father Ranaghan began timidly when the film had run its length, "I could have a new more up-to-date negative. Maybe you know someone who might possibly be interested . . ."

"Well, Father, we should be able to knock that out for you here," said Bing. "And I think we should put a patter of some kind with it so folks will know what it's all about."

Larry, also deeply interested in the missionary's tale, added, "Why not put the dialogue on a sound track."

"If we make a sound track for it," Bing said, "might as well throw in a musical background, too."

Father Ranaghan hadn't even hoped for this. Emboldened, turning to Bing, he asked, "And would you, as part of the background, perhaps, sing 'Silent Night'?"

Bing had always believed that sacred songs were, as he put it, "A little out of my league." But reasoning that this track would only be played in the parishes, he agreed.

The new print was made at Paramount Studios complete with commentary and musical background. The priest packed his jalopy happily and headed cross-country to raise funds.

It was spring before he came to Hollywood again. The hills beyond Paramount were green. Promise of new life and hope bloomed anew. "Oh, Come All Ye Faithful," he had asked. And they had answered. He called on Crosby to give him the good news.

"How much?" Bing asked, getting as usual to the important point.

The good Father named a sum far in excess of any collected before. Bing shook his head. "Not enough rice," he said. "Not nearly enough rice.

"Tell you what, Father, we might take some records off the sound track so you'll have something to sell when you pass the hat."

He had a number of recordings of "Silent Night," "Adeste Fideles," "Stabat Mater" and the "St. Columban's Marching Song" taken off the track and gave them to the missionary who jubilantly headed out again with his cargo for the Cause.

It was a year, this time, before Father Ranaghan returned to Hollywood. Enthu-

siastic over what he had netted that trip, he again sought Bing promptly. And again, "How much?" asked Bing. The figure named, although impressive to the priest couldn't be compared with the money possible to raise through a commercial outlet.

"Not enough," Bing said again. And anyone who knew him well could have told by his preoccupied manner that he had a plan.

He had decided to record "Silent Night" and "Adeste Fideles" for Decca Records with the understanding that his share of the royalties go to the missionary's fund.

Bing always had been one of the many who are sentimental about "Silent Night." Just hearing it took him back to the days when he was a little groaner back in Spokane, brought memories of his Christmas loot, the new skates that he broke in on the lake up by the Jesuit Monastery. Of his mother's plum pudding, stuffed turkey and hot raisin bread. Of a balcony seat at the Orpheum Theatre on Christmas afternoon, walking the four miles each way from home to town so he could spend the carfare at the confectionery after the show.

He had sung "Silent Night" on school programs, in church and at neighborhood parties. And he had sung it at the Christmas clambakes at home, with his sister Catherine on the ivories, his dad accompanying on the mandolin or guitar, and the other Crosbys giving out with holiday harmony for which none of the neighbors had asked Santa Claus.

He loved to sing "Silent Night," actually. But where, he had always asked himself, did a crooner get off singing Christmas carols on records or on the radio? He'd better stick to the blue of the night and gold of the day and leave religious songs for fellows with a trained "up-town voice."

But now, interested in the missionary's work, he talked himself into recording it. Folks were pretty charitable around Christmas, maybe he'd get away with it. If the Columbans could brave what they did in Korea and China, he could risk a few tomatoes singing "Silent Night."

The Irish priest was very happy. He set out with a singing heart to make another round of the parishes and add further to the fund. That was the last time Bing saw

"REAL LIFE . . . CONDENSED INTO 25 THRILLING MINUTES"

. . . These words sum up why thousands of women listen every day to "MY TRUE STORY" Radio Program, brought to you in cooperation with the editors of TRUE STORY MAGAZINE. A *complete* drama every morning, Monday through Friday. *Real* human experiences—"not cardboard characters," as one listener puts it.

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Touch of magic for the hair men love!

Hair that *thrills* at the very sight or touch of it! Hair that gleams with natural highlights and shadows—sparkles with silken softness—delights with clean fragrance—how can *any* man help adoring such lovely hair? And today more and more women of all ages are discovering that the *secret* of this glamorous hair-appeal is Lustre-Creme Shampoo! Not a soap, not a liquid, Lustre-Creme Shampoo is an amazing new dainty *cream* that lathers luxuriously in hard or soft water, and sweeps dullness away . . . quickly (no special rinse) . . . easily . . . inexpensively. Out of her wealth of cosmetic lore, Kay Daumit blended gentle lanolin with special secret ingredients to achieve this almost-magic cream that introduces a new glowing softness, a wonderful *obedience* to your hair. Try it. Discover what a world of True Hair Loveliness one jar of Lustre-Creme Shampoo can bring. At all cosmetic counters.

The cream shampoo for true hair loveliness

Four ounces, $1.00
Family 1 Lb., $3.50
Also 30¢ and 55¢ Sizes

See how a fingertipful of Lustre-Creme Shampoo bursts into heaps of fragrant lather. See how tempting it leaves your hair! Not dried—not dulled—not unruly—but silken soft, responsive, sparkling as if you'd given it a hard brushing.

Lustre-Creme Shampoo

Kay Daumit, Inc. (Successor), 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Winter White with Black or Wine Velveteen

Hearts will beat faster as you go by in this saucy wool-like dress with a back zipper way down to your hips! Dress-up cap sleeves! Two deep, deep patch pockets with heart-shaped buttons! And velveteen where it looks best—on the sleeves, the belt, 'cross your heart! Window Pane Plaid in BLACK or WINE on Winter White.

SIZES 9 TO 17

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Money back guaranteed if returned in 10 days

DIXIE SHOPS Dept. 21
275 Seventh Ave., New York 1, N. Y.
Please send me on approval the "SWEET-HEART" Dress. I'll pay postman $6.95 plus postage.
Size—9 ☐ 11 ☐ 13 ☐ 15 ☐ 17 ☐

Indicate 1st and 2nd color choice
WINTER WHITE with BLACK ☐ WINE ☐

My Name _____ Print
My Address _____
City _____ State _____

Father Ranaghan. He was killed in an automobile accident at Council Bluffs, Iowa. With his death and the Japanese invasion of China, which made communication almost impossible, Bing lost contact with the group of St. Columban's missionaries in Hanyang. Meanwhile, the royalties on every recording of "Adeste Fideles" and "Silent Night," were coming in.

"Why not just spread it around among all recognized charitable organizations," suggested Bing to Larry.

"A good idea," Larry agreed. And arranged for the royalties to go into a trustee account to be "spread around" among church groups of all denominations everywhere. That was eleven years ago.

Today "Silent Night" is the largest selling record in the world. It spreads pretty thin because of the impossible number of requests for help the Crosby office receives. Long before Christmas comes around again the fund is depleted. There's only enough for a token contribution at any time, an expression of Bing's faith in the good work being done by the various groups to help humanity . . .

It goes to Innsbruck, Austria, to help provide a cup of milk a day for 3000 school children during the cold winter months. A few rupees go to a convent in India to encourage Sisters who are rescuing Indian children abandoned in filthy market-places. Some guilders go to war-torn Holland. A token contribution goes to Franciscan Fathers for packages of food for Poland. There are the missionaries who are caring for a group of lepers in a mud hut in South Africa. To a small group of Methodists here trying to buy an oil heater for their country church. There's that mission in Kwangtung, China, for the relief of the starving children found scrounging around in garbage pails. That hospital for poor colored children in Alabama. The Jewish Children's Hospital for under-privileged children, in Denver. And to help repair the roof of a Baptist church in Arkansas.

Today, thanks to the energetic dreams of a little Irish priest none are too far away to feel the encouragement of "Silent Night," Crosby's Christmas gift to the world. It reaches all races and religions and, at long last through Father Joseph P. Mullen, a missionary back from China, it has again reached the St. Columbans, who during the war years sheltered starving natives from the enemy, guided our troops through jungles of Burma and rescued the Doolittle fliers and kept them in their mission at Nanchang.

Just hearing the records is a gift for the rest of us. For when Bing invites "Oh Come All Ye Faithful," our hearts lift and when he sings "Silent Night," we feel reassured that all is calm, all is bright. And we determine anew to hold on to peace on earth and good will to all men.

THE END

Benny Goodman, Deanna Durbin confer on script which "Voice of America" short-waved to Russia at U. S. Embassy request

Be a Christmas Belle

(*Continued from page* 50) great delight in haunting the lingerie shops for novel and interesting bed jackets. She copied the designs, picked the colors and materials best suited to the individual women, and sewed each by hand. This was thoughtfulness which is bound to be appreciated.

Another indication of holiday, and every day thoughtfulness, comes from Joan Crawford. Joan is convinced it is never necessary to guess or ask about gifts for a friend or member of the family. She advises you to be a thoughtful listener and, without intention, they will tell you what they want or give you an idea for the ideal gift. How many times have you heard a dear one say, "Oh, how lovely! I must get that."

The next item on our list of things to do is one that can really be an expression of you—your Christmas cards and stationery. Janis Carter uses Victorian embossed cut-outs which she has found in antique shops. She places the white sides together to form a Christmas card. One year Janis used white and red ribbon for her messages. On the red ribbon she pasted gold lettering spelling out "Season's Greetings"; on the white ribbon she pasted "from Janis" in gold lettering.

AND, while you are working out the problem of what to do for others, do not neglect yourself. For this is a season of joy. Be a belle—from the top of your soft, feminine head to the tip of your subtly pointed toe.

Organize your affairs, business, shopping and social, so that the holidays don't linger in your memory as the "holidaze."

Also, it's a good idea after a day of shopping, or working at the office, to save an hour to unkink your nerves and put sparkle into tired eyes. No Christmas "belle" ever rang with fatigue.

Ella Raines has the perfect answer for relief from tension during the day. She sits in a chair, bent over slightly, allowing her head, shoulders and arms to go limp. Then she revolves her head slowly to relax nerves at the back of the neck.

A beauty mask, one of those which can be applied and removed in less than twenty minutes, goes a long way toward giving you a lovely rejuvenated look for the evening. Be sure to cleanse your face thoroughly before applying. Relax completely while the mask is drying. Wash off with cool water or remove with a mild astringent.

If you haven't time to go home from the office before going out for the evening, keep your own little beauty kit in a desk drawer as well as a few touches to dress up your outfit. A scarf tucked into the waist of a dress or your best jeweled clips or pendant earrings, will give you a fresh approach to life.

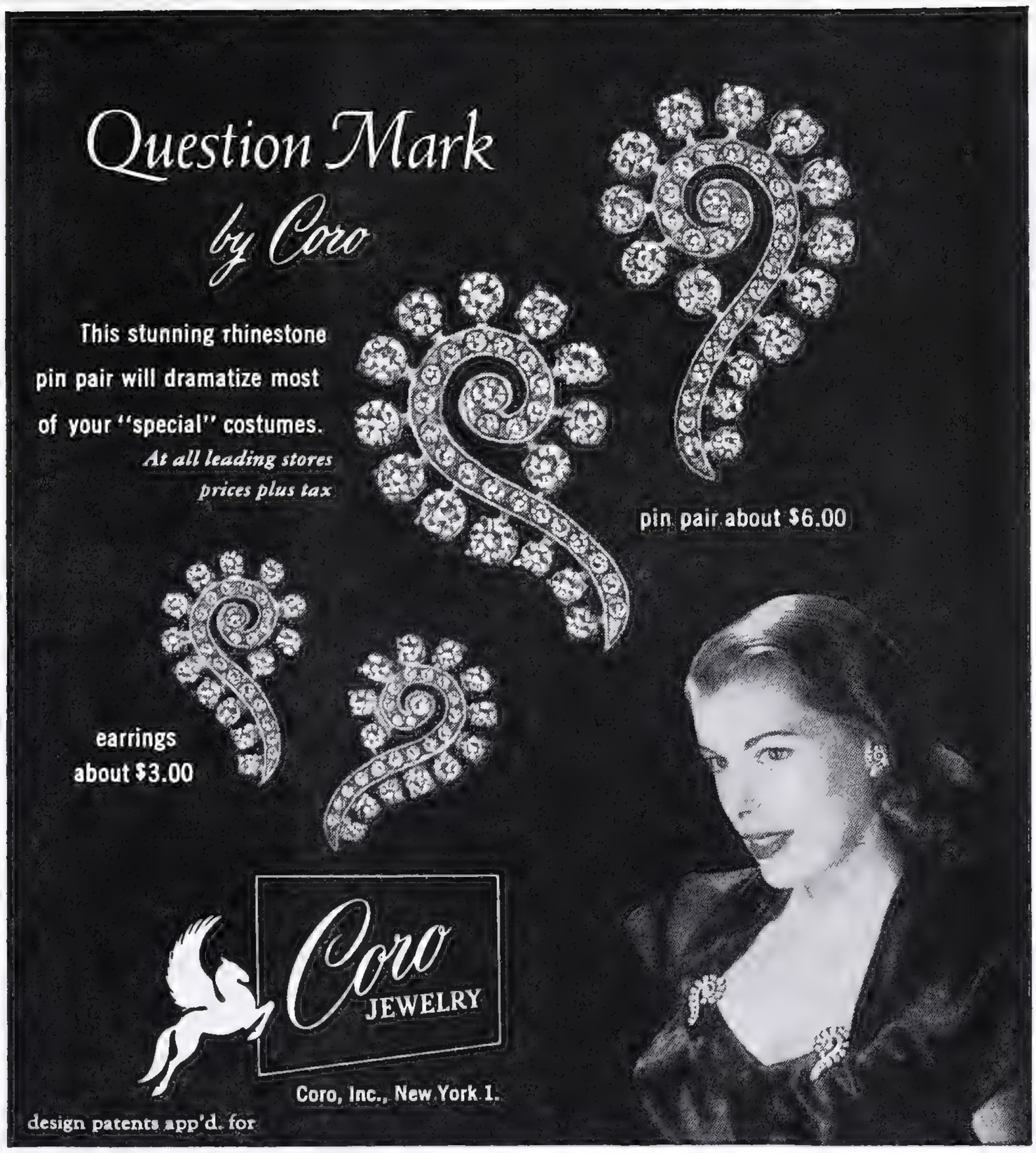
If you can afford to play "Lady Bountiful" and are thinking of giving furs, here are a few tips.

New processing and dyeing have given exquisite beauty and wearability to furs. However, if you are petite, remember that short-hair furs look best on short girls. Leave the fox and lynx for the tall, willowy creatures like Hazel Brooks. Hazel, five-seven, can wear a luxurious stole of silver fox. But a gal hugging five feet will tend to look dumpy.

But whatever you do in this season of goodwill—the old adage holds good: It is always more blessed to give than to receive.

And on this note we end our plot for a Happy Holiday to you!

THE END



two timer by nan Dorsey

An all-wool sweater success! Wear it with accessories or not . . . for classes, dates and everywhere. Black and green; brown and beige; gray and red. Sizes 34 to 40.

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"Inter-lude"

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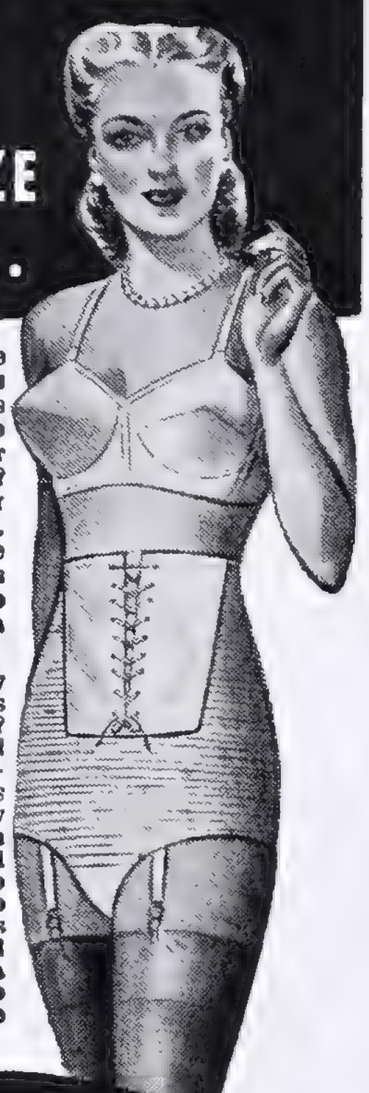
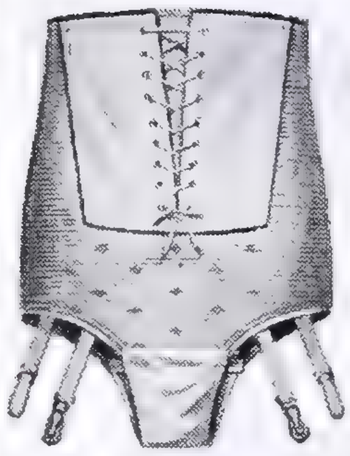
If YOU want to enjoy that SLIM 'TEEN SIZE feeling . .



Does a bulging tummy make you look years older than you really are? Are ordinary girdles uncomfortable to wear . . . do they fail to flatten out your abdomen the way you want? Then here at last is the answer to your problem! SLIM-MODE, the wonderful new adjustable health supporter girdle is scientifically constructed to help you look and feel like a "Slim Sixteen".

So why go on day after day with a tired back that needs posture support to bring relief? Why look droopy and beyond your years because your mid-section bulges and your clothes don't fit right? Read below why SLIM-MODE brings you vital control where you need it most . . . how it helps to "harmonize" your figure to more stylish lines . . . why it's so comfortable to wear. And remember, you can have a SLIM-MODE sent to you to wear on FREE TRIAL. See our offer in the coupon.

The Adjustable "SLIM-MODE"



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SLIM-MODE is made of two-way S-t-r-e-t-c-h wonder cloth—it stretches as you breathe, bend, stoop, after meals, etc.

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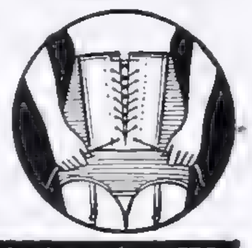

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Name.....
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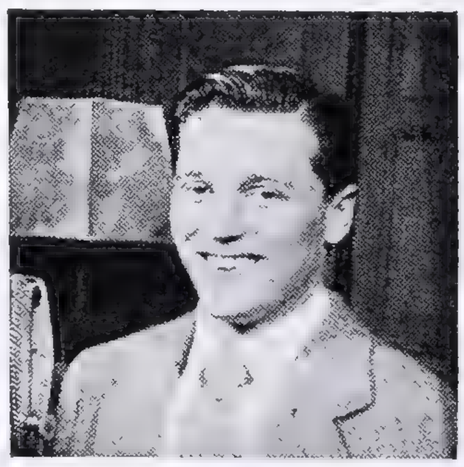
Platter Patter

By Lester Gottlieb

A crisp catalog of the latest recorded doings of film personalities and the songs from the newest photoplays



Gordon MacRae

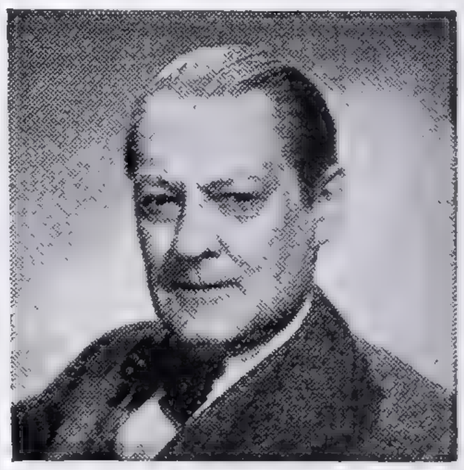
KISS OF DEATH: Victor Mature earns stardom in this 20th Century-Fox gangster documentary and Alfred Newman's Manhattan mood music helps immeasurably. Les Brown (Columbia) and his orchestra disk the major theme, "Sentimental Rhapsody."

BODY AND SOUL: Three more recording favorites, Gordon MacRae (Capitol), Billie Holiday (Columbia), and trumpeter Ziggy Elman salute the new John Garfield prize-ring saga with excellent versions of the haunting melody that inspired the film title. Incidentally, MacRae is due for a picture build-up at Warners.

SUMMER HOLIDAY: M-G-M's musical version of "Ah, Wilderness" has Mickey Rooney in an appealing role and a sure-fire hit tune by Warren and Blane. It's called "Stanley Steamer" and both Dinah Shore (Columbia) and Jo Stafford (Capitol) don dusters for pleasant rhythmic rides.

DOWN TO EARTH: Columbia's technicolor splash for Rita Hayworth and Larry Parks has a winning love song called "They Can't Convince Me" which Betty Rhodes (Victor) sings convincingly.

LIONEL BARRYMORE: The veteran actor does double duty as narrator and composer of a special M-G-M album for Hallowe'en which the braver kiddies will adore . . . Another Metro star, Keenan Wynn, also does a favor for the younger ones as he tells on records the story of "The Bear That Wasn't There" (M-G-M).



Lionel Barrymore

DEEP VALLEY: This sombre Dane Clark Warner drama is considerably lightened by Max Steiner's lovely theme song. Tommy Dorsey and his fine orchestra have a slick Victor pressing of it.

IF YOU KNEW SUSIE: Eddie Cantor and Joan Davis click in this new RKO musical. The film blends old tunes and new ones. So take your "cherce." Mr. C. sings "Margie" and the title number on a Columbia re-issue, while Vaughn Monroe (Victor) and Hal McIntyre (M-G-M) play the new "My, How the Time Goes By."

FUN AND FANCY FREE: Spearheading the rash of records caused by this latest Disney feature is Capitol's album "Mickey and the Beanstalk" with Johnny Mercer as narrator and our old cartoon friends, *Donald, Mickey,* and *Goofy,* helping him out. Gene Krupa (Columbia), The Dinning Sisters (Capitol), and Phil Harris (Victor), groove the title tune. Louis Prima (Victor) and The Modernaires (Columbia) swing out the slap-happy "Say It with a Slap" while Margaret Whiting (Capitol) and Johnnie Johnston (M-G-M) prefer the dreamy ballad, "Lazy Countryside."

THE CLASSICAL CORNER: Bach dominates the serious music releases this month, with Victor responsible for the unusual album featuring violinist Jascha Heifetz playing both solo parts of the Concerto In D Minor, Columbia issuing the master's sacred arias reverently sung by contralto Carol Brice, and The Pittsburgh Symphony's capable treatment of the composer's Suite No. 2 for flute and strings. Reiner conducts and Sebastian Caratelli is the flutist . . . Debussy's fragile Sonata No. 2 for flute, viola and harp, effectively performed by Milton Katims, John Wummer and Laura Newell, is another Columbia album for discriminating music-lovers . . . A record event is Victor's Wagnerian program directed by Arturo Toscanini with the NBC Symphony playing the stirring Ride of the Valkyries, Siegfried Idyll and a Faust Overture . . . If you like French tenors, Raoul Jobin should suit you with his Columbia collection of arias from French operas . . . Another in Victor's Heritage re-issue of classics of another day, is the 1907 disking of Schumann-Heink singing Donizetti's "Brindisi."

Can This Be Love?

(*Continued from page* 47) at nine. That's too far for too little unless you think you're in love. Or isn't it?

It seems that almost the day after anyone gets a divorce or separation in Hollywood these days, he or she immediately falls in love with someone else. And real love, as I've had the happiness to know it, doesn't happen like that.

But in Hollywood, apparently, even love is different. Take Lana Turner and Tyrone Power, for instance. This fall while Ty was still married to Annabella, he and Lana threw a joint super-duper party at Mocambo with Lana named as hostess and Ty as host on the invitational telegrams! And Danny Kaye had barely moved out of his wife's house before columnists and radio reporters predicted that his next wife would be Eve Arden! And even Greer Garson. The day after she filed suit to divorce Richard Ney, Greer was having a cozy dinner in public with George Sanders!

BUT to get back to Hedy and Mark. In trying to understand their romantic interlude you should first ask two questions. Is Mark star-struck? And was Hedy unconsciously using Mark to get out of the doldrums caused by the break-up of her marriage with Loder?

I've never seen a girl so mixed up in all my years in Hollywood as Hedy was following her separation and divorce from John. It wasn't until Mark Stevens came into her life again that she snapped out of what ailed her and became the old Hedy I used to know.

Hedy and Mark first met back in 1942. Hedy Lamarr, the great beauty and star, had been loaned to Warner Brothers by Metro, to star for them in "The Conspirators." And while she was at the studio she met two men who were to become very important in her life; John Loder who had a role in a movie on the sound stage next door, "Passage to Marseilles," and Mark Stevens who had a bit in the same picture.

I remember Hedy describing that first meeting with Mark. "He was in a corner of the sound stage and no one was taking the slightest notice of him." Except Hedy. Moved by compassion—or admiration—Mark was wearing a naval uniform and it suited him—Hedy singled him out from everyone else on the set and talked to him. She talked about his ambition to be a good actor. And she encouraged him to believe in himself. You can imagine the effect this would have on a movie newcomer. Here was the most beautiful woman in Hollywood and a famous actress to boot, talking to a nonentity called Steve Richards! He worshipped her there and then.

Hedy was not married. Neither was Mark but he didn't ask for a date. In Hollywood that isn't done. A bit player calling a star for a date! Too presumptuous.

And that was where Mark made a mistake because Hedy liked him—and perhaps more important, she believed in him as an actor. And when Hedy made "Experiment Perilous" she marched to the front office and demanded Mark for a big part in the picture with her. Warners refused to loan him. And shortly afterwards Mark bought off his contract. He was free matrimonially too, then. But Hedy wasn't. The meeting with John Loder at Warners had developed into love and they had been married. Not long after, Mark married Annelle Hayes. And that seemed to be that.

But it wasn't quite. Even though she was—at that time—happy with Loder, Hedy, when she co-produced her own

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Tony Martin: *The Christmas Song* (Merry Christmas to You) and *Begin the Beguine.* With Earle Hagen and his Orch. Record 20-2478, 60¢.

Swing and Sway with Sammy Kaye: *Hand in Hand* and *Santa Claus for President.* RCA Victor Record 20-2482, 60¢.

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movie, "Dishonored Lady," remembered Mark and again tried to borrow him for the most important man's part in the picture—to play the one man she loved. But now Twentieth Century-Fox refused to loan Mark—he was under contract there at the time and Hedy signed Dennis O'Keefe instead. Perhaps it was just as well because Loder also had a big role in the picture as Hedy's wealthy admirer, and the man she hated most. Soon enough both Hedy and Mark separated from their mates and got together anyhow.

However, to the direct question "When are you getting a divorce?" Mark always replied, "I don't know, nothing has been arranged." Still when Hedy returned to town this state of affairs didn't deter him from being the first man up the steps to the plane, and in full view of every reporter and photographer, he and Hedy put on a love scene better than any either of them have ever done in their pictures!

It was this lack of reticence in their romance, of course, that made everyone wonder whether it was on the level. When people are really in love, do they pose all over the place gazing into each other's eyes?

As Hedy and Mark did at Lake Tahoe, for instance. Even when they played golf they posed for caddies or anyone else with cameras. Whoever wanted to snap their picture could do so. And as you can see on these pages, Mark was delighted to have his picture taken with Hedy at her Beverly Hills home.

Mark's studio did not like the resultant publicity. Neither did Annelle Stevens, as apparently she was prepared to change the suit for separate maintenance to one for complete divorce. "It's no good," Mark's friends told him. "You have your baby to think about. Put a stop to this before it goes so far you can't stop it."

At last Mark listened and the reconciliation took place.

But Mark did not return to his home with Annelle. Instead he went into the hospital with a nervous breakdown. Annelle visited him every day.

Meanwhile, Mark has signed over all his present property and all future earnings to his wife, but has decided not to return home until he completes shooting on his picture, "A Street with No Name," on location in Washington, D. C.

A reporter gets a little confused in Hollywood. And so would you if you had listened as I have to stars ecstasying over a new romance and saying "This is it" and the next day marrying someone else.

Like Hedy and Mark. For, the day before he went home to Annelle, he and Hedy, holding hands, were in a trance at the Coronet. Yet in the same hour that he and Annelle reconciled Hedy said, calmly: "I talked to Mrs. Stevens on the telephone. She seems to be a lovely woman. She and Mark have a baby. I told Mark I thought he should try to save the marriage."

Can this be love? It's so confusing!

THE END

PRESCRIPTION
for the doldrums
HERB HOWE'S story on BOB HOPE
"Where There's Hope"
in January Photoplay

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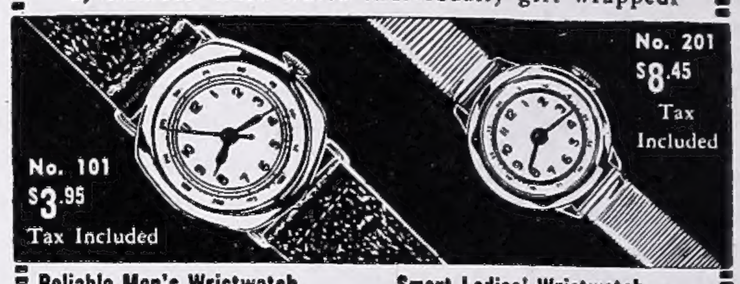

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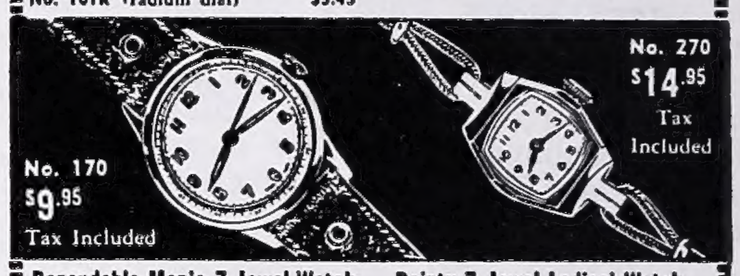

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